

JUNE 1937



The American  
**LEGION**

Paul Brown 3d



D. A. TURNER, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

## "IMAGINE," said Mr. Turner . . .

{ *A True, Unsolicited Story of a Schick Shaver* }

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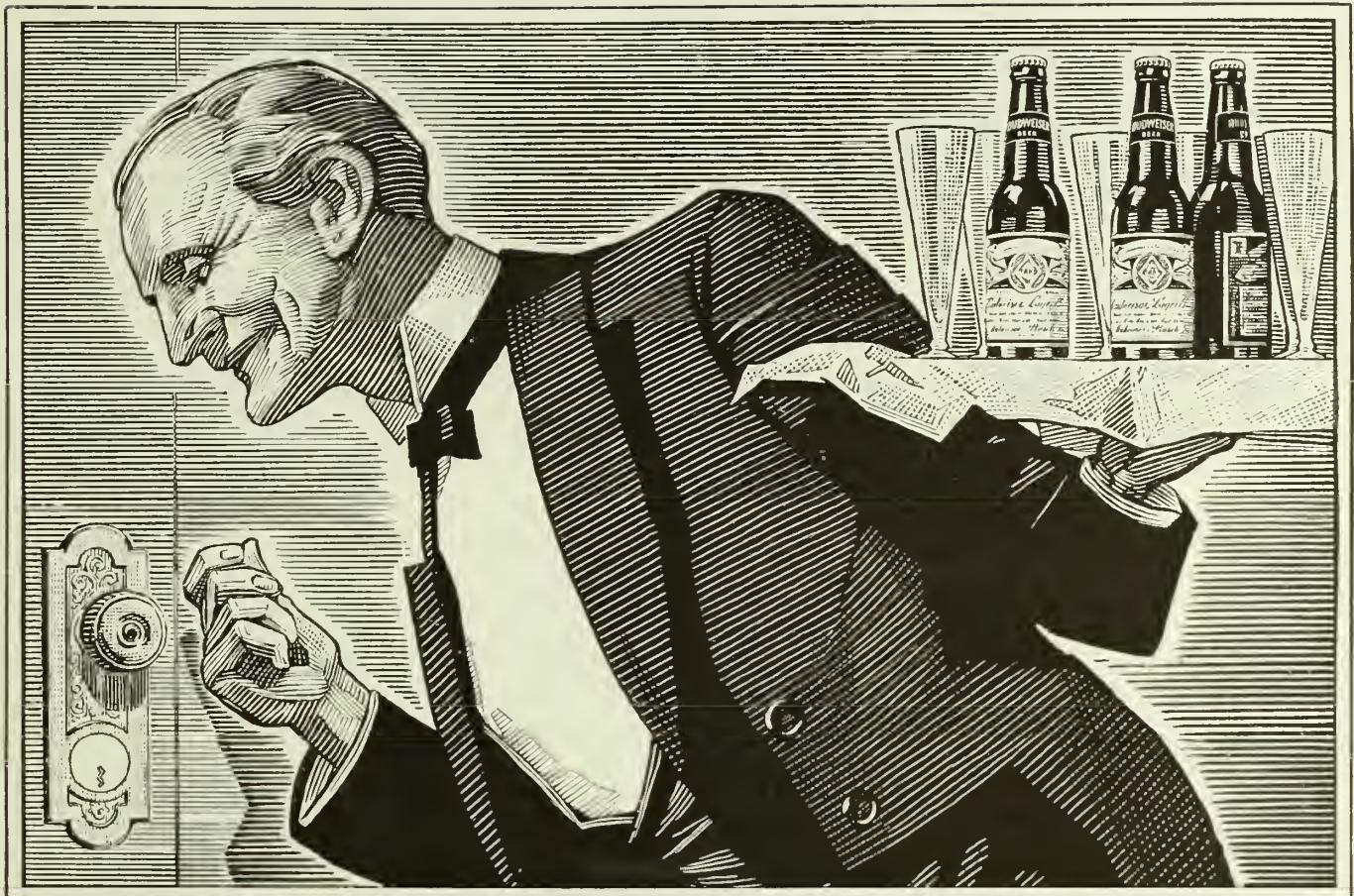
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**SCHICK SHAVER**



# "A friend from home, sir."

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A SWEET BEER • YOU WILL WANT  
Budweiser's FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



AS YOU LIKE IT  
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Waiters in leading hotels, clubs and restaurants are authorities on food and drink. They will tell you that there are many good beers in America. But, which is New York's best beer? Chicago's best beer? Seattle's best beer? Who knows? . . . America's best beer? That's easy! Your waiter will tell you that there is one beer that people from everywhere know and welcome . . . for its matchless bouquet, its distinctive taste and its extraordinary quality. Month-to-month figures show that in many leading hotels scattered over America BUDWEISER far outsells its nearest competitors.

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NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED

# Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • S T . L O U I S

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

JUNE, 1937

# The American LEGION

MONTHLY

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★ ————— ★

THE Campbells are coming, yo ho, yo ho, likewise the Axelrods, the Beckenderfers, the Dooleys, the Youngbloods and the Zieglers. (Memorandum: Ask National Headquarters if there are any Legionnaires beginning with X.) They are coming to the Nineteenth National Convention of The American Legion, to be held in New York City from September 20th to 23d, both dates inclusive.

THEY are coming in bevies, herds, flocks, coverts, droves, squads, platoons, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps and armies. They will provide, once they arrive, the largest National Convention which The American Legion has ever held or is ever likely to hold. Largest in every sense of the word.

NOBODY ever knows how many folks actually attend a Legion National Convention. Not every Legionnaire or Auxiliare registers (it will help the statisticians, as well as yourself, if you'll attend to that detail when you reach New York in September). And thousands upon thousands of non-Legionnaires and non-Auxiliaries gather around, all adding to the general bustle and hurly-burly and complicating the arithmetic. Right now 118 separate and distinct outfits, ranging from companies and such to whole Divisions have arranged for reunions at the convention. And that's only the beginning. There'll be a whole lot more.

PARADE Day always pulls folks in from the suburbs with the irresistible attraction of a magnet. Considering the fact that New York will draw upon the most extensive and

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most populated suburban area in the country, your guess as to how many people will be watching the Legion on the march is as good as the next man's. Begin somewhere over a million. No, better begin with two million.

ONLY a comparative handful of convention visitors will make the 1937 Pilgrimage to France and Italy, because accommodations simply will not be ample enough to take the whole outfit over even if the whole outfit was in a position to go. Only a handful, so to speak (ten thousand or so), can and will make the trip, but the several hundred thousands who aren't going can go down to the piers and see the pilgrims off. That alone ought to be worth coming to New York for.

BY THE way, full details of the Pilgrimage are presented in this number over the signature of Phil W. Collins, The Man Who Ought to Know. You will find as well a complete chart, which was up to date at the moment of going to press, of available ships, sailing dates, port of embarkation and embarkation, and so on, and so forth, together with a price schedule. It's on page 53.

NEXT month watch for the results in the Monthly's Foreign Pilgrimage Contest. Somebody's going to get a free ride to Europe and back.

WE'LL be seeing you. Times Square, noon, September 20th. If there's too much of a crowd there, make it Broadway and 41st Street, or name your own rendezvous. It's easy to find your way about on Manhattan Island.

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# Judy O'Grady and the SECOND A.E.F.

By  
**KATHARINE**  
**LEEDS**

**A**LMOST ten years have scudded by in light and shadow since those September days of 1927 when the Legion went back to France. I like to remember the cheering, sobbing thousands lining the streets to see the doughboys pass, to hear again the spontaneous acclaim that arose from Latin hearts. For I was here, there and everywhere with Judy O'Grady, my sturdy Citroen, Model B 14, the famous tin Lizzie of France. But Judy O'Grady could well sniff at the Colonel's Lady for once, so proudly was she decked out with the bright cockade of the A. E. F., the important insignia of the Press division and myself armed with several cards issued by the French police, demanding that Judy be allowed to pass where she wished. For she had been granted the high and proud privilege of driving for the Legion.

Judy O'Grady has doubtless gone the way of all good Citroens, vintage 1927, but what memoirs she could have written if small Citroens could write! With what poignancy she could have described the unforgettable day when we carried our full quota of lieutenants and captains to St. Mihiel and found a jubilant and unforgetting populace awaiting the Americans. Old men and women, memories of their four years' Calvary still vivid. Young women with children in their arms who, as girls thirteen years before, had fled from an invading enemy. Boys and girls who knew only that the soldiers from over the seas, of whom they had heard so much, had come back to search for old landmarks and old friends.

And late that afternoon in Belleau Wood—"the cradle of victory" Foch called it—an American mother, widow of one of those buried there, and her boy of fourteen. The mother proudly checking her sobs and the youngster shouting gaily as he picked a souvenir from the

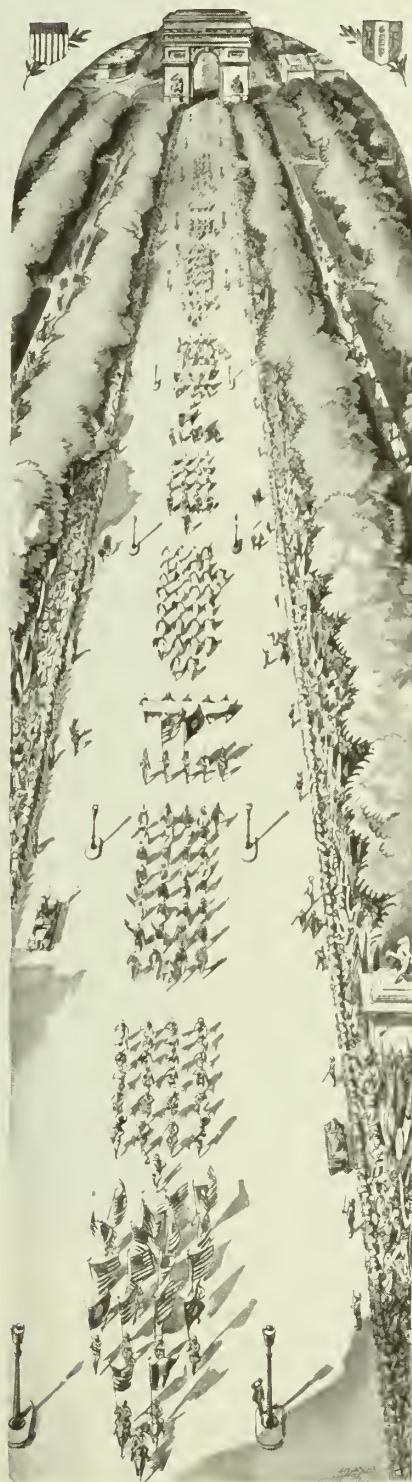


Illustration  
by  
**WILLIAM HEASLIP**

mud—a helmet buried those long years.

That other day at Verdun, when two thousand Americans and French feasted together in the market place. Afterwards we drove over the mournful slopes of that battlefield of a million dead, to the dedication of the Ossuary at Fort Douaumont that marked the Gettysburg of the World War.

When on Paris duty during convention week, we spent much time, Judy and I, parked in front of the Trocadero or on the Cours la Reine, before the canteens. From those points we took many Legionnaires on sightseeing tours of the capital. Unfortunately for Judy, she could not follow me after these jaunts into the Salvation Army canteen and regale herself with the very excellent doughnuts dispensed by Miss Helen Purviance and her staff. Miss Purviance was the initial maker of doughnuts when the A.E.F. first landed in France, and it was evident that neither she nor her culinary art had been forgotten.

Judy O'Grady had trouble trying to be everywhere at once. Paris traffic regulations, none too efficient at best, were completely demoralized that day. Police passes, couched in pompous French official phraseology, were of little use. But good nature was universal and eventually ways and means were found.

Down through the lapse of years, the highlights of the colorful pageant of the big parade return vividly as then. Those first bursts of pulse-throbbing music as the procession approached the Arch, led by General Pershing and National Commander Savage. Straight as pilgrims to a designated shrine they came to honor their unknown comrade. Flowers they heaped high until the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was buried in a mass of color.

We left the Arch regretfully but we must get to the Place de la Concorde ahead of the *(Continued on page 50)*

# PORTFOLIO

## ANOTHER STORY OF THE WAR BEHIND THE WAR

*By*  
*Clifford W. Kennedy*

**T**HERE are several ways of winning a war. Again, there are several ways of losing a war. One is to have a whole parcel of men over across, loaded down plenty with side-arms, rifles, machine guns—but no cartridges. Not all engagements were fought over the mud between trenches nor over the tables between cigars at G. H. Q. Some took place on this side, with the enemy coming right over to us—an unprincipled group intent on our losing the war.

Not that we weren't used to it. Ever since we started to make shells for the British in 1914, we had been, as the Guard Captain said, perched on top of trouble. He had cupboards stuffed with records to prove it. Then we built some more factories with which to handle orders for cartridges from the French and Belgians, who borrowed our money so they could pay us; and for the Russians, who gladly accepted shipments and never paid.

All the time we struggled to keep people out of our backyard, folks who didn't want to see the British and French and the rest get any shells. They displayed for our education every trick malignant minds could think of to break down our production. Never a week, hardly a day, but we stifled some attempt to sneak in and wreck us. Then came word our country was to plant a fist or two on Germany's nose. Up went the long line of high fence boxing in our square miles of buildings, grounds and powder park. Barred gates, barbed wire, flood lights, uniformed armed guards, completed the barricade—isolating our huge munitions works from the city over whose lap it sprawled.

Almost isolated, that is. In the more spectacular manner, somebody guided men they had wangled inside, into almost successfully wrecking our powerhouse; some of that gang did send a valuable ballistic division invention skyward above the fragments of an exploding fulminate house. There was evidence in our plant, as well as elsewhere, of a closely-knit enemy division or organization devoted to making the munitions giants helpless, like Gulliver, with tiny threads of hindrance. Prevent the building of a ship in one place, destroy or delay the accumulation of

food or war supplies somewhere else; anything to gain time and thus help maintain the balance of power over across. At this time, when Uncle Sam started to add larger numbers, plus our tremendous resources of power, the war was at a deadlock. Each side had used army, navy, air force, subs, tanks, gas, espionage, everything, with equal facility and strategy. Each side was putting on



The guards faced a restless, boiler, which they refused to

the pressure in the hope that surrender would be more tolerable to the other side than more war.

But let's get back inside to investigate one clever mesh of threads intended to prevent our own Gulliver from arising to the gigantic task of helping to supply the enormous shipments



# of GRIEF



hootng mob surrounding a  
let skid along on its rollers

of cartridges a hungry A. E. F. would soon demand. It was a method of nagging, tripping, delaying you would never expect at all. Its workings were not spectacular, but smoothly effective. The point of attack was where you would watch for it least—in our Purchasing Department.

*Illustrations by*

FRANK STREET

Perhaps Huldon didn't pull the strings but he tied the knots. At least we blamed him for being paid to do it. Ned Barr rather described him. Like Huldon Ned was an assistant P. A., one of Gregg's family—Gregg being Purchasing Agent. Said Ned: "He riles me—it's hard for me to believe well of him."

"How's that, Ned?" someone asked.

"I generally take a fellow to my manly bosom—you know me—but that lad has a past or future, maybe both. I plan to cast a suspicious orb in his direction occasionally."

You couldn't blame Ned, in a way; Huldon was skinny, near-sighted; had a permanently hateful smirk plastered on his lips; he was that kind that hates the thing that is and worships the thing that should be. At some time he must have mastered forgery, to alter written and typed memorandums the way he did, say nothing of changing a drawing—even white lines on a blueprint—with such skill it was hard to detect.

In vivid contrast look at Ned Barr. Sinister? Tricky? Underhand? Ned Barr? One could sooner imagine his warm, glowing, cheerful fireplace a cold, clammy underground dungeon. "Lives there a man"—who is Ned's enemy? No, it just isn't possible. Try not to warm up to him, try not to smile—try to be a snob! Ned was stocky, not exactly fat, though his belt buckle led the parade by an inch or two. An artist, able to dodge Ned's personality, might liken his features to those familiarly copied on Judy's spouse Punch. Between nose and jaw curved his everlasting genial smile; above blue eyes his forehead continued with increasing shiny smoothness pretty well over his scalp.

A week or so after most of us knew it was going to happen, each Senator mingled with three or four Congressmen to hear Mr. Wilson argue in favor of war. We weren't unprepared, there had been too many weeks of planning for just that event. But like fire horses, we couldn't gallop till the gong sounded. We had plenty of room inside the fences but you don't make cartridges by setting up picnic tables on idle acreage for the help to hammer on. There must be machines and equipment and all the symbols of modern production adequately covered with buildings. This meant diverse materials, mostly in huge quantities, and in a hurry. Therefore Gregg called on Ned to take up his new assignment by facing the man coming down the hall.

Ned's visitor, strolling through the door, was the Chief, on whom rested the responsibility for the huge program of construction and change, already started at our works. Production of our enormous daily, weekly, monthly allotment of cartridges for the armies soon to be sent across depended, first, on the ability of the works engineer, our Chief, to lead his mob—from field engineer and draughtsman down to ditch laborer—in providing adequate new buildings, heated, lighted, sprinklered, electrified and equipped, surrounded with every needed plant facility, ready for the machine division to put its rows and rows of presses, lathes, loaders, line-shaft, conveyor and the multiplicity of production mechanism which would—sooner than possible, if possible—feed the streams of countless boxed, clipped cartridges into waiting freight cars.

"Ned," said the Chief, immediately they were seated for their anticipated conference, "there's one place I'll be caught with my pants down, and that's the powerhouse."



"Jeepers, Chief, imagine you shuffling around the boiler room with your trousers on your ankles," from the irrepressible Ned.

"We plan," the Chief continued, unnoticing, "to move the switchboard to the roof, add new panels and slip in a new transformer bank up there."

"Your engineer'll be asking for enamel tables and chairs and a bar for his roof garden," interrupted the unsubdued Ned. "Maybe waitresses too; what'll you serve, coal-heavers' special for lunch every day?"

Still unperturbed, the Chief showed Ned how that would leave floor space aplenty, already underpinned with perfect foundations, for two new turbines, to be turned with steam from four

"The day we wire them the dimensions, Ned, you must be there. Waiting on their floor. I want that piece at the plant not more than forty-eight hours later." Soberly Ned took the prints and correspondence copies and slipped them into his brief-case. Underneath a veneer of too-frequently practiced facetiousness, Ned was eminently trustworthy and the Chief felt the confidence he inspired. Everybody did; he was one of the old-timers grown up with the plant and to the men, especially, his word was as good as gold.

Now you have a glimpse of the heavy task Ned Barr undertook. He was at everyone's beck and call. Specifically he chased orders all over the country—by phone, by wire, by personal visit.



new boilers. Half facetious, but whole earnest, Ned cried out:

"You're shuffling equipment around here like a mother-in-law's first visit to the bride's cottage. Where do you find all the room?"

"Rip out the two old Hawthornes; put in four vertical Mannings," snapped the Chief.

"Ah-ha, up in the air—I mean with the steam, not you," Ned added hastily.

Such engineering, according to the Chief's further explanation, would put steam in the mains and juice on the lines at least three months sooner than the other alternative could possibly be built—that is, a new powerhouse. Time saved now meant success, victory, more men left to live their lives out on this earth; delay spelled disaster. Troops without shells may be all right in a parade, but in battle—! Another delay might breed in the boiler room, with everything ready to go, a snag Ned must help to clean out. The Chief pictured new boilers, connected in line to their new steam header, an eight-inch steel main running across and above the old steam line that fed from the old boilers to the turbine room. A special, off-set bend, a short length of eight-inch forged into a peculiar goose-neck twist, must be made—could be made—only at the last minute, and only at a certain forge shop in Virginia.

There was a grunt from the transformers, a flashing report, and the tinkle of glass

He rode more Pullmans than two porters combined. With that cheerful, inoffensively kidding manner of his he could move manufacturing executives or freight-handlers alike to spend unsuspected reserves of energy in speeding our shipments toward us. He could take a superintendent down in his own shop and make him point out just where the delay existed, and correct it; he could lead a traffic agent right to the yard and car we needed and get it rolling. He had our A-1 priority rating staked up ahead of direct army and navy shipments. Alone he shoved our construction schedule up by weeks, and all in the face of efforts to hinder and balk our program.

Next morning, and many next mornings, the Chief went over to view his powerhouse job. Up there he saw a bridge crew bolting girders and tying reinforcement webbing between; working right behind them, masons poured concrete floor, slopping it practically on their heels; above the two, carpenters were managing to crack a temporary shelter together. Below, braving a hail of cement, bolts, tools, an erection crew toyed with a new turbine. While the junkmen were still lugging away the ripped and torn plates of the old Hawthornes, Joey Wells' crowd were already stacking brick

and mortar into the new foundations for the battery of four replacing boilers.

Looking up from the boiler room floor, the Chief saw sheet metal monkeys hammering rivets into frame and sheets for new flues. Here, there, over further, on the floor, balancing on scantling cat-walks, swinging in bos'ns chairs—cutting, threading pipe, screwing on fittings, bolting up flanges—were steamfitters. As if the mob were not compact or confused enough, electricians flitted about sneaking in wiring, lights, boxes all over the place. A steady murmur of good natured banter, cursing and cat-calls hung over the job like the steady trill of wood accompaniment at the symphony. To the laity it might have seemed a hopelessly jammed, mad confusion, a modern technicraft opening of Pandora's box; but to the Chief it was beautifully synchronized—each thread of work traveling through unerringly to its place in the complete pattern.

From the powerhouse the Chief walked over to the row of old shot-shell buildings, there to view another of his gangs, racing madly to bolster floors, to patch, to repair, to renew beams, walls, frames; to lay in piping for steam and water and gas; to string lights, to hang and connect motors, to tie up power connections—racing to keep ahead of the machine division who were so swiftly hanging shaft, rolling in machines, lapping belts, bolting jigs onto benches as fast as the carpenters left them. It seemed as if machine hands and operators were eagerly pressing at the doors to start work; strip brass, steel rod, sheet copper, lead ingot already lay in piles on the floors.

Again he walked, further, way up to the North Plant where he stayed to check the schedule of another milling, darting, toiling crowd of men fabricating four new, huge mills in which the demand for officer .45-Colt shells was to be satisfied. The buildings seemed to inch up into space as he stood watching.

By way of vivid contrast, he walked back to keep an appointment in the quiet, cool shade of the Works Manager's carpeted office.

"Chief," greeted the W. M., "you remember Major Osborne." He shook hands with an officer whose trimly pressed uniform bore the Army Ordnance insignia. Mr. Witham continued: "The major and I have been reviewing our construction schedule; from it I am prophesying our production schedule for the major to compare with the requirements and demands the Army will have. Before I let him return to Washington, I thought he should have, from your own lips, a substantiation of my general report."

From his portfolio the Chief withdrew a number of sheets by which he mapped out for the major the details of all the construction work, indicating conclusively the dates, on which Washington could rely, when our works would begin to pour out the daily millions of cartridges that would be its quota.

"There, Major, that's pretty definite," Witham cried. "Why, we shall have shells, in cases, waiting in mountains at the dock before you are half ready to take them over."

But, would we? Nobody had told Mr. Witham of one man's activity, across the hall in the purchasing office; Ned Barr was already perplexed over certain things, tomorrow the Chief would rise in wrathful explosion at Gregg—next week Joey Wells would toss through a wakeful night, his fevered brain juggling misfit fire-brick. The first low, premonitory growl of a deliberately directed machinists' strike had not yet made itself heard. Would we?

"**G**REGG, even if you are P. A. here, there is something phoney in your office." Gregg looked up in astonishment at the Chief leaning on his desk.

"What's phoney?" he asked.

"I order," the Chief replied, "fifty-five varieties of one-inch fittings and what do we get? Two-inch. Here's the copy of my requisition."

"Just a minute," Gregg handed him the P. O. copy a buzzersummoned clerk fetched over. "The order is clear—every item one inch."

"It must be United Pipe, then."

"Very likely; Mr. Huldon, will you—yes, that's right, get them on the wire—"

"Tell them the correct material must be in here tomorrow without fail," the Chief interjected, "no matter whose neck is broken."

"Huldon is mighty good," continued Gregg. "Somehow, he always walks in, a step ahead of me, just like now."

"He'd better be right now. That line must go up this weekend or we can't budge on it till another week."

At that time the plant was shutting down between Saturday noon and Monday morning. Soon it would hum twenty-four hours around, every day of the weekly seven—they would let free only the eight-to-four Sunday shift; religion did win that compromise with time and war. Despite the confusion of surrounding construction, the operating chaps managed to dodge sufficiently to keep the fires going, pressure up and turbines turning. But every live tie-in or change-over had to be made in the precious hours when boilers and pipes would be inert and cold.

Thursday came and went; the Chief stood the strain until after lunch Friday before he strode wrathfully again into Gregg's bailiwick, only to find that gentleman away.

"Can I help you?" interposed Huldon.

"You are supposed to have helped me," returned the Chief, shortly. "I need that order I—"

"Perfectly all right. I talked with United Pipe just before lunch; they report trouble with some of the items. I impressed on them the need for extreme haste."

"Guess we should do more than impress—umph, I wonder," the Chief puzzled to himself. "Ned told me to watch him. Jove, that's it—Ned."

Check up the first score to Ned, who, clad only in pajama pants, but still sweating, in a Washington hotel room that muggy spring day, burned telephone wires so (Continued on page 50)



Sprawled on the bed,  
victim of a shotgun's  
discharge

# WHAT PRICE ONE BAD BOY?

By

CHARLES L. CHUTE

*Executive Director*

NATIONAL PROBATION  
ASSOCIATION



IT IS only human nature to be interested in children—when they are nice, good children, when they respond to attention and behave as we think they should. There are all kinds of programs for the crippled child, the underprivileged, the dependent and neglected child. But what about the small army of the so-called *bad* children, those who break laws, destroy property, and cause us no end of trouble and expense? In too many communities in all of our States they are rejected by the schools and the social agencies and are left to the police and the courts, agencies organized for a far different purpose than that of child welfare.

What about these delinquent children and youths? In the first place, they are not *bad* at all. No child was ever born bad. But many are handicapped by being born into criminal surroundings, trained from earliest childhood in evil ways, or what is just as bad, not trained or guided at all.

In the second place, when we stop to think about it, we see that these youngsters, black sheep some call them, though they make up a small fraction, approximately one-half of one percent of all our

"Tony is a bad boy, your honor," said the mother. "You take him and shut him up. I can't do a thing with him"

children, form a most important group in any community, for out of this group develop practically all the criminals who will populate our prisons tomorrow. The problem of the youthful delinquent and what to do with him is of compelling importance, and there is not a single child nor a single home which may not be affected by the way we meet it.

Crime is and always has been overwhelmingly a problem of youth. Its beginnings are to be found in misdirected childhood. Take the case of small Tony, whose mother brought him to the judge of one of our modern juvenile courts:

"Tony is a bad boy, your honor. You take him and shut him up. I can't do a thing with him."

Tony, vagabond and ten-year-old truant, looked at the judge uneasily. He knew his mother could not understand. Could the man behind the big desk? Tony of course did not see that his mother's last sentence explained her first. Tony was a "bad boy" because she "could not do a thing with him." She herself was probably a "bad" parent. This thing goes on in a vicious circle.

The most direct attack on this progression in badness is through the

*Illustration by  
J.W. SCHLAIKER*



quent children and delinquent homes, no ordinary political job holder can possibly succeed. Yet many are trying it.

In all our States we should establish more *special* juvenile or family courts, separate from general courts of criminal or civil jurisdiction. But it is useless to establish these courts unless we provide also for specially elected or appointed judges, qualified to deal with family problems which are primarily social, not legal. The juvenile court judge should be definitely qualified by experience, training and interest in child welfare. A legal training in addition is desirable. Many

juvenile court and the probation system—the first line of defense set up by the State for its communities when the home, the school and the normal social agencies fail.

The essence of the juvenile court is skillful case work. The greatest need of all is to develop a well selected, trained, non-political personnel, adequate to give real care and supervision to each child. In the delicate work of diagnosing and organizing social treatment for delin-

community groups, like The American Legion Child Welfare Committees, realize they must give support and co-operation to qualified leaders and judges without regard to partisan politics.

Roland B. Howell, National Chairman of the Legion's Child Welfare Committee, speaking at the tenth annual Area A conference at Providence, Rhode Island, on March 5th said this: "Young boys and girls are running the streets as social derelicts. These urchins are absorbing the virus of every human degradation and are becoming criminals. The nation is appalled at the increase of juvenile crime and the problem must be solved." Mr. Howell then went on to refer to inadequate juvenile courts. He denounced politically minded judges who advance their own interests at the expense of little children. He declared that no man should play politics in social reform.

We have only begun to develop juvenile courts as we want them to function. Probation work today, the social arm of the court, is badly handicapped. The principle that a court dealing with the problems of maladjusted children and youth and family disagreements should serve more as a social agency than as a court, applies all over the country. Probation work is a skilled type of social service. It is family case work and individual guidance with the punch of the law behind it. Probation includes attention to environment, companions, leisure time, and school or work adjustments. From the standpoint of the child, probation cannot be anything but the best method to deal with youngsters who are not so abnormal that institutional care is required.

More and more the institution for delinquents is being considered a last resort because of its expense and the inevitable risk of throwing together in closer association many types of wayward children. For these reasons and because of the difficulties of adjustment on release, it is the rare child that should be sent to such an institution. Too often we have "sent up," as these children call it, neglected, problem children, and they have come out worse than when they went in. Probation care under an officer of ability, personality and character is far safer and more effective than institutionalization, and incidentally it costs the State less than one-fifth as much per child.

Take the life story of Willy Jones, aged 21, found guilty of burglary and sentenced to life imprisonment in Sing Sing. Willy spent the years from seven to twelve in a tenement home with an easy-going, slovenly mother and a brutal drunkard for a stepfather. Poverty always in the house. No encouragement at school. His only outlet for (Continued on page 42)

• THE TIBER AND THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S REFLECT THE GRANDEUR THAT IS ROME



UP FIFTH AVENUE in New York in September! Down the Champs Elysées in Paris in October! That's what thousands of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries are thinking about and planning today—a pilgrimage overseas to the battlefields of twenty years ago immediately following the National Convention in New York City in September as the invited guests of the governments of France and Italy. A great Third American Expeditionary Force actuated by good will, peace among nations of the earth and the hope of a better understanding between peoples.

Twenty years ago a great host of young men—then most commonly referred to as the flower of the youth of America—turned their backs to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor and sailed away into the sunrise to a foreign land to throw themselves into the greatest war of all time. Many did not come back. France, Italy and the other allied nations hailed them as deliverers, and they were met with open arms. That was the first A. E. F.

The years passed, and with the passage of time poignant memories mellowed into a sweet remembrance of happier days than those spent on the battle lines—remembrances of pleasant villages, of a people whose interest and whose friendship was genuine and sincere. A new

# SAILING ORDERS

★ BY PHIL W. COLLINS ★

*Chairman, 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee*

THE AMERICAN LEGION

France and a new Italy had arisen from the ashes. Children, to whom a foreign tongue offered no insurmountable bar to friendship, had grown into maturity and settled in homes of their own. The war itself was rapidly becoming a legend, and certainly to those children who had gathered around the soldiers and traded choice bits of French and Italian speech

for words of English that would not pass muster in a drawing room, the American soldier had become something of a legend. Then in 1927 was organized the greatest peacetime argosy in all history, when more than 20,000 former soldiers, their wives and children moved overseas in one great body to pay a return visit. That was the Second A. E. F., ten years after the



first visit to a then troubled continent.

The American soldier returned, but the panoply of war about him was made cheerful and gay as a carnival. Instead of long files of men bearing rifles, the soldiers

would have arrived in Chicago, Omaha or San Francisco—drums beating, flags flying, his grin wide and cordial. He brought more than a suggestion of peace and good will. He had come to show his former

soldier, his Auxiliary wife and daughters, and his sons who are now members of The Sons of The American Legion, will be received as honored guests. France has opened wide her arms and has most generously made provision for the entertainment of 10,000 of these guests for a period of six days after their arrival on French soil. Italy is shaping plans to entertain the returned veteran on a cordial and generous scale. The steamship lines have offered special concessions that put the pilgrimage within a price range permitting thousands to realize their dreams of a return visit who could not otherwise afford a trip to Europe. Arrangements have been made to provide for reduction in hotel and railroad rates for those who stay longer than the limited days of the pilgrimage proper. There has been nothing like it offered to veterans of the World War and it may be a long time before such an opportunity is presented again. See the table on page 53.

Ever since the Second A. E. F. inquiries have come in a constant stream to the Legion's National Headquarters asking about the possibility of another such movement. While no plans had been announced officially, there seemed to be a widespread impression that a pilgrimage would be made on each tenth anniversary of the entrance of America into the World War. Just how or why such a thought gained headway is something to be figured out. (Continued on page 40)

returned with bands of a hundred pieces, banners from every section of the United States and its island possessions, and uniforms more varied in color than Joseph's coat. Here was the war memory brightened, one might say, with the works of peace. The doughboy entered the old capital of France that has been sitting astride the Seine these 2,000 years as he

comrades in arms that he did not forget. He knew he would be welcome. And he was. Again he was joyfully received in all the allied countries and much was made of his visit.

Today the Third A. E. F. is being organized upon the official invitation and with the co-operation of the governments of France and Italy. The American

*for the* 3<sup>D</sup>  
A. E. F.

# THEY HELPED

## -and So Did He

BY ASHLEY C. MCKINLEY

ALL that Charles A. Lindbergh wanted or asked for when he first broached the subject of flying from New York to Paris to win the Raymond Orteig prize of \$25,000 was a clear title to the airplane after the flight was accomplished. He then planned to remove the extra gasoline tanks, reconverting the plane into a passenger ship, and take it out barnstorming. He thought many people would be ready to pay for a hop in a plane which had behind it the prestige of an Atlantic crossing. He was not thinking of charging such passengers any premium. It merely was his belief that the history of the ship would constitute an extra inducement to fly, among such persons as patronized barnstorming planes in the years before 1927.

The then little-known airplane pilot unfolded that idea to the first man with whom he discussed financing the project, Earl C. Thompson, then president of an indemnity company in St. Louis. Lind-

bergh had become acquainted with Thompson while the latter was having some aerial photographs taken by a company operating from Lambert Field.

It was to Thompson that Lindbergh outlined his first plan to finance the equipment he needed, suggesting that Thompson get together twenty-five St. Louisans of wealth to put up one thousand dollars each to enable purchase of an airplane capable of making the flight non-stop. The subscribers were to be repaid after the Orteig prize had been won.

Thompson was sympathetic, but he at once raised the question of what material reward the proponent of the plan expected for himself if the flight proved successful. It was then that Lindbergh explained how ownership of the plane with its prospects of earning him a satisfactory living on a barnstorming career would be a satisfactory and adequate reward.

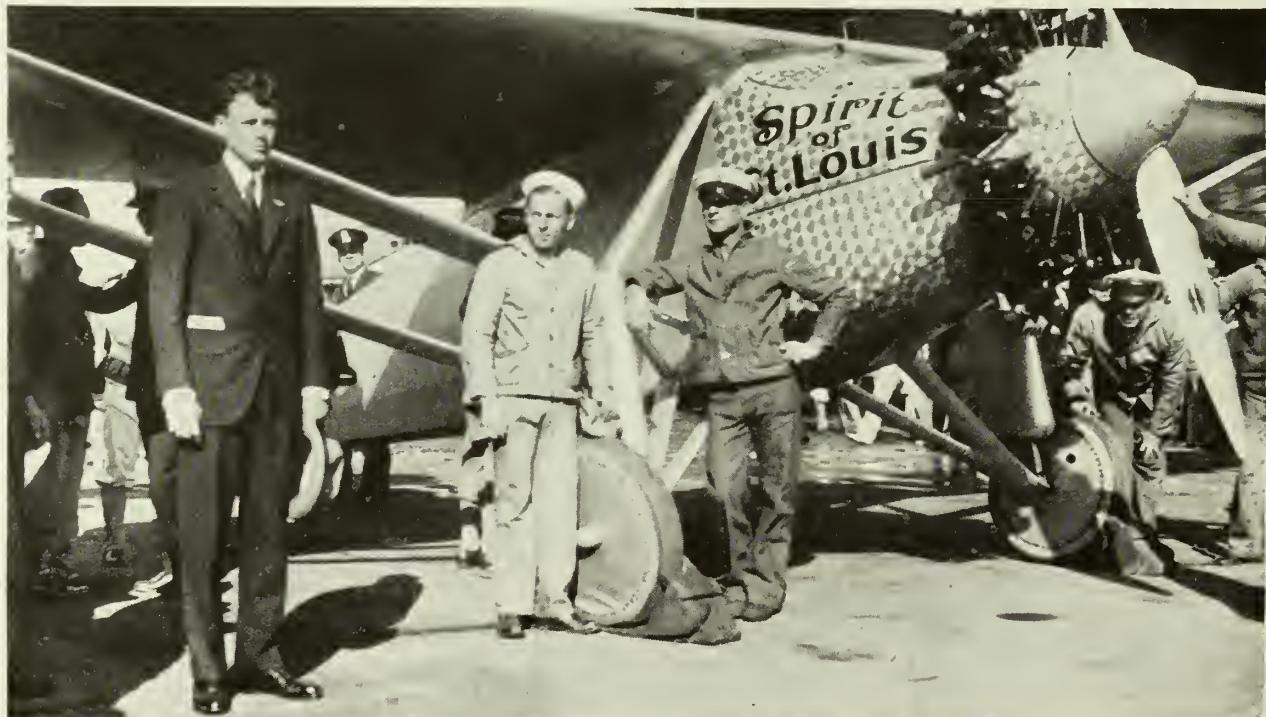
Thompson, who later was a backer of

the historic flight, made an effort to find the needed twenty-five subscribers. He was unsuccessful. The project sounded too visionary to laymen.

Undaunted by the failure of his original plan, Lindbergh soon found other backers. Actually he needed only \$13,500. And the real backbone of the successful financing was provided by Slim Lindbergh himself. He bet his life's savings of two thousand dollars that the thing could be done.

Before and since I flew with Dick Byrd over the South Pole I have been the originator, or interested party, in several ambitious flight projects. But for a single lack I may state with due modesty that I would have been the

Just before Charles A. Lindbergh made his immortal flight from Long Island to Paris ten years ago



# LINDBERGH



first man to have flown over Mount Everest.

The single lack of which I speak has been the bar to my own, and to scores of other flight plans originated by pilots of outstanding skill! That bar is cash, in the phrase of the professional promoter "front money."

Now money isn't everything—indeed in the historic flight of which I write it was incidental to the thorough skill of the pilot. Nonetheless the fact stands that without money to buy the equipment capable of making the long aerial voyage the competence of the pilot would have been of no consideration.

One lesson is outstanding from the Lindbergh flight. If you have any project to promote promising fame and fortune, and you would enlist the support of others to help put it over, be sure you are in a position first to back the idea with your own cash before calling on others for help. That is the generally unknown and unappreciated factor in

the financing of the flight that made aviation history.

I was an officer in the Regular Army at Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois, when I first got to know Slim Lindbergh. The Mississippi River and a score of miles of farming country separated Scott from Lambert Field, which was the home base of the 110th Observation Squadron of the Missouri National Guard in which Lindbergh served. We often landed our ships at Lambert, and the National Guard pilots—then flying war-surplus Jennies—frequently dropped in at Scott. I do not represent that our acquaintance was more than casual. It was military rather than social. I assume to tell this story because my family and friends all are St. Louisans and I have had occasion to secure these facts from Lindbergh's backers and former pilot intimates who were associated with Slim Lindbergh in Lambert Field days.

There is an untold story of Lindbergh's St. Louis career which I think should be

related insofar as it may illuminate his distrust of newspaper photographers after he became famous. Lindbergh literally lived on that airport. Not only did he board in a small house located on the field but in addition, as a National Guard officer he devoted a full day and two evenings a week to military duties, even after he began flying the mail. Yet he found time to perform other flying missions as they presented themselves. In those days, before wire transmission of newspaper photos had been perfected, an important source of revenue to all commercial operators was the expedition of photographic plates of important news events.

Such an event was a tornado in 1926 which tragically swept down on the city of Murphysboro, Illinois. An editor of the Chicago Tribune telephoned to Lambert Field to have the plates of its photographer, who had arrived at the scene by train, flown back to catch early editions. Lindbergh was given the assignment. Unacquainted with the desperate rivalry of competing newspapers he did not know that the photographer of the Tribune's rival, fearful of being beaten because his own plane had been damaged beyond immediate repair in an emergency landing, was determined that no other Chicago papers should have tornado pictures for first editions. Seeing the arrival of the Lind-

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LINDBERGH'S life savings, \$2,000, went with \$11,500 raised by eight St. Louisans into the fund which financed the famous flight to Paris of ten years ago. They called him Slim, and Lucky Lindbergh, for he had bailed out four times from planes that went blooey. His faith in aviation and in himself were complete, and that confidence, of which the \$2,000 was the very best evidence, did the trick. Major McKinley, a St. Louisan who knew Lindbergh as a mail pilot and who flew with Byrd over the South Pole, tells with sympathy and directness the story of the story behind the flight

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bergh plane the worried competitor suspected its mission.

Waylaying the tall young pilot, unmistakable by reason of helmet and goggles, he hastily (*Continued on page 44*)

# OVERNIGHT

*Decoration by*



**S**EVENTEEN years ago an American woman suddenly realized that the post-war deflation had swept away all she had. She owned a home and she lived on a highway. America, restless from war, was going places in shiny new cars. That woman got up courage to throw open her home to tourists as paying guests and thus started a business which has enabled her and some 100,000 of her sisters to earn a living through two depressions.

The hostess of a tourist home in Virginia is sending her four sons to college and supporting her husband who lost his health as well as his business in 1929. A hostess in Maryland has paid off all her late husband's debts and bought a farm, with her earnings in six years. A Pennsylvania woman in her late 50's has bought a comfortable annuity with her surplus earnings since the depression began. A Tennessee woman in eight years has earned a modest fortune and given her three sons a university education.

Chambers of commerce figures indicate that the 100,000 women earning their livelihood as amateur inn keepers, employ 300,000 servants and support 400,000 dependents, making a total of 800,000 persons who draw their support from this new business.

The first great wave of overnight guests came in the early 20's; the second and most significant came after the panic of 1929 when many of the finer homes were opened to tourists.

In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia hundreds of white pillared old mansions with their slave quarters in the rear have been thrown open to passersby; in the Black Belt of Alabama where life yet moves in the majestic tempo of the Old South, and in the Dutch section of Pennsylvania where even the characteristic big red barns set squarely in the foreground of ancient estates do not hide the timid signs that tourists are welcome; in the Blue Grass sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, noted for lovely women and sleek race horses—in these and in most other States the tourist may get bed and board right at the wayside.

**Y**OUR hostess may be a descendant of a Puritan who landed at Plymouth or of a Cavalier who landed at Jamestown, but she is now a business woman who is finding that birth and breeding have a money value. Many of these old homes date back to the 18th and early 19th centuries. At some of them, during the

19th century, Presidents of the United States have stopped as honored guests.

Let us imagine that we are a typical American family journeying along the Atlantic seaboard toward Florida. Being typical, we must make the journey as economically as possible. We make one long jump on the first day, arriving in the north end of the Shenandoah Valley at dusk.

**H**UNTING a place to spend the night we see near New Market, set far back from the road, an old farm house. It is just one of 1500 tourist homes which are located in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, where three-quarters of a century ago Stonewall Jackson and Phil Sheridan played hide and seek. This house was built about 1790 by a Virginia pioneer and is yet owned by his descendants. It is called Battlefield House because it was the center of the Battle of New Market in 1864.

Mrs. Bushong greets us cordially and we are soon seated before an open fireplace waiting for the evening meal. It is served in the basement dining room and our hostess as she bustles about explains that eating in the basement is a family habit with the Bushongs, what with marauding Indians likely to take pot shots at the early Bushongs and then so many bullets flying about so carelessly in the Civil War.

Upstairs later Mr. Bushong notes our curious gaze, directed toward a number of round holes in the door with slivers of wood sticking inward. "Those holes were made by bullets fired at the Battle of New Market in 1864," he explains. "For 40 years I laid off to putty those holes up and paint over them but I forgot it and one day after my wife began to take in overnight guests I set to work on them. The guests gathered around and wanted to know what the holes were and when I explained they all objected to closing them up—said it was real history."

Urged by our curiosity, our host begins to tell us of the Battle of New Market. It was, he explained, won by Southern troops with the aid of 225 boys from Stonewall Jackson's Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia. The oldest of these boys was eighteen and most of them were fifteen or sixteen. They marched all day and night to reach the scene, going into battle from a point near the old farm house. They charged, as our host informed us, like demons, recklessly and fearlessly, driving everything before

# GUESTS

Howard W. Willard

By  
T. H. Alexander

them. From the farm house window we saw the panorama of battle spread out before us across the rye and blue grass pastures.

With a start we realized we had been living for a moment in the year 1864, and the voice of our hostess aroused us. "It was grand, I reckon," she was saying, "but the women of our family didn't see the glory. This house was turned into a hospital and some of those 225 young boys were brought here with their arms shot off and their eyes shot out. There were soldiers in every room in this old house on cots and beds, and some of them on the floors. Every few minutes they were carrying out the dead. It was not until years after the war that they were able to wash out all the bloodstains."

MRS. BUSHONG decided to open her fine old farm house as a tourist home when she observed that her husband was annually raising crops which sold below the cost of production. A crop of rye furnished the final straw; it was good rye but it barely brought enough to pay the freight, so that very day she tacked up a little sign saying "Battlefield House, Overnight Guests" and before sunset she was in business for herself. Besides her picturesquely old home, she had three other assets—a cultural background which gave her poise, an expert knowledge of cookery, and a smokehouse filled with country-cured Virginia hams.

You may be sure this sign created a sensation in the upper Shenandoah where the Bushongs are among the F. F. V.'s. But the Bushongs, being pioneers, had the pioneer spirit. They turned a pasture into a golf course and golf was added to the local attractions of riding and fishing.

The old house, with each new arrival of tourists, was filled with the oh's and ah's of enraptured femininity. They wanted to buy Mrs. Bushong's old beds, her lovely old dining room chairs, her corner cupboards and her early American pine furniture. She put her old quilts on the guest room beds, only to be told they were museum pieces. Her husband's great aunt quilted them in that house during the Mexican War in the 40's.

The main highways of America are studded with such old homes turned into places where tourists can be at home away from home. More, they can live in other and older eras of America or catch the spirit of a newer America. Some of these old homes are the manor houses of baronial estates, beautifully landscaped

and surrounded by box bushes which required a century to grow. One on the highway from New York to Miami is part of 30,000 acres which came down to the present generation of the same family as an original grant from the English king.

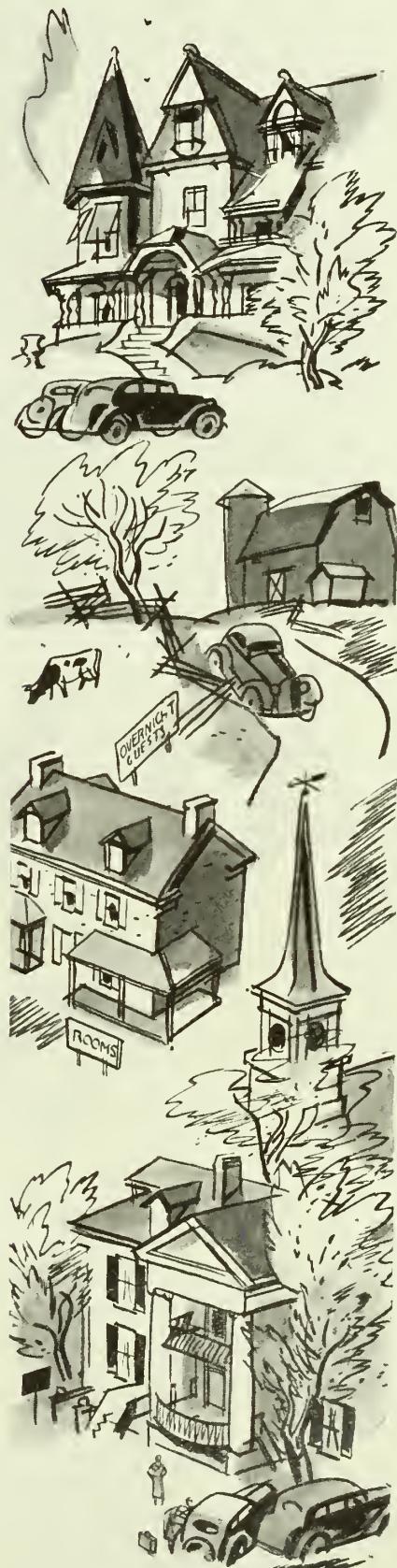
TWO miles north of Natural Bridge, Virginia, but 300 yards off the highway you will see an ancient house seated in the midst of 600 acres. Impossible, you say, that this should be a tourist home, but there is the sign: "Herring Hall. Tourists Welcome."

Herring Hall has been the seat of the Herring family for more than a century. Momentarily you expect a hale English squire to greet you but your ring is answered by a stately and frosty-headed old Negro butler.

Later you meet the mistresses, Misses Catherine and Frances Herring. When they inherited Herring Hall ten years ago they thought how nice it would be to stop being teachers in select schools for girls and come back home to their ancestral acres. They found, sadly, that being country gentlewomen required an income in addition to the farm income. So, not without a tug at the heartstrings, they opened up their old home to overnight guests.

The Misses Herring work harder than they ever did in teaching. Miss Catherine supervises the cooking while Miss Frances looks after the guest rooms and acts as hostess. But even the Misses Herring, having been born and brought up on the gorgeous old place, are not entirely prepared for the flood of eager questions which Mr. and Mrs. America ask them. Was the interior woodwork really hand-carved in Europe and brought to this country by ship? Were those old whitewashed cabins the slave quarters?

IF OUR average American family is traveling from the vicinity of Chicago instead of New York, one hard day's drive may carry them to the Blue Grass section of Tennessee. On the Dixie Bee Line highway near Columbia, Tennessee, is one of the most famed tourist homes of the Mid-South. It is called Rock Rest. Eight years ago William S. Fleming, Jr., who had just built the house, was struck by a speeding car and killed. Mrs. Fleming used his insurance money to finish paying for the house and to pay off all his debts. At the beginning of the recent depression she found herself with a home which was (Continued on page 54)





# AT YOUR SERVICE

Strength unites with beauty in the haven of health for ex-service men that is the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas. On opposite page, a peaceful prospect from the infirmary of the Veterans Facility at Legion, Texas

AT ITS Washington offices in K Street the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion received 96,477 letters last year and 18,874 clients who called in person. The ten field secretaries of the committee, whose offices are distributed about the country, received 20,863 letters and interviewed 16,674 callers. Every letter was answered.

These contacts, ranging from the White House down, embraced about every subject under the sun, for the duties of the committee are numerous. For instance, it is charged with maintaining a consultant and co-operative organization

running parallel to the whole complex set-up of the Veterans Administration; with important responsibilities concerning new legislation affecting veterans; with the advocacy of individual veterans' cases before the various boards of the Administration in the matters of adjusted compensation, disability, death, insurance, emergency officers retirement, burial, pension and a number of other types of claims. It represents veterans before the General Land Office, the Civil Service Commission, the Bureau of Immigration, the Bureau of Naturalization, the Department of Justice, the Army, the Navy. The committee has recovered

wartime pay for veterans and Liberty Bonds purchased while in service. It has assisted in procuring reimbursement for cotton destroyed in the South during the Civil War. Americans who served with the Allies and the Allied veterans who have settled in this country furnish problems involving contact with our diplomatic representatives and consuls in foreign countries.

In addition to such more or less routine concerns the committee receives a good many requests difficult to classify. A farmer in Arkansas wrote in that he had read that surplus army shoes were selling for thirty-seven-and-a-half cents a

# HERE'S THE HOW and WHY on REHABILITATION— Read it and BE PROUD

By

WATSON B. MILLER  
*Director, National Rehabilitation Committee, THE AMERICAN LEGION*

pair. Dealing in round figures, he sent us thirty-eight cents in stamps and requested a pair of shoes. Upon inquiry at the War Department we learned that this veteran had been misinformed. So we bought a pair of service shoes for about two dollars and charged the deficit to good-will. It seemed worth \$1.68 to preserve this man's faith in the Legion's ability to do things for ex-soldiers.

We were unable, however, to gratify the request of a grass widow who wanted us to have Congress provide money for court and legal costs for needy persons seeking divorce. Having, as she explained, been put to considerable trouble to get rid of two worthless husbands and contemplating divorcing a third who was a veteran she wished to help other women who might be in the same boat. At that the lengthy and considerate explanation of our inability to help this perfectly serious woman took some time.

On another occasion members of the Legion of a certain Department approached us with the statement that one of its members, an ex-officer with a fine war record, had been killed in a South

we learned the circumstances of the slaying and followed the trial of the slayer, whom I shall give the name of Hernandez. It transpired that the former officer, an engineer by profession, had fallen in love with the wife of Hernandez.

The three had discussed the matter frankly. It was said that Hernandez had given his consent to a divorce, after which the lady and the American were to be married. Señor Hernandez did not long remain in that agreeable frame of mind, however, and this led to the killing. About as soon as we brought this information to light in walked representatives of another Legion Department, to say that Hernandez was no South American, as we had supposed, but a native American from near the Mexican border and a Legionnaire. We were asked to intercede in his behalf. This proved unnecessary. The law of the country in which the trouble occurred provides a maximum penalty of three months in jail for a husband who comes upon a stranger and his wife in distasteful position. And that is what Hernandez got, though it seems not to have been proved that questionable relationship, as we understand the term, had existed. This incident is not related with any thought of wounding but to show the far reaches of our calls for help or intervention.

The committee's first job, beginning in 1919, was one of construction, involving the creation of facilities through which the benefits provided by Federal legislation could be extended to the veteran. Now that the machinery has been established the work is largely one of supervision and administration. First off, however, the Legion had to induce Congress to take the three existing government agencies that were handling different aspects of the veteran problem and consolidate them into the Veterans Bureau, which was later expanded into the Veterans Administration and given charge of the affairs of the survivors of all wars instead of those of the World War

or the survivors of a veteran of any war from 1861 on. An occasional one for Mexican war claimants too.

The Veterans Bureau was a creation of The American Legion, largely due to the efforts of the late National Commander Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., the best informed man of his time on veteran affairs. In 1921, when the Bureau was little more than a name, Colonel A. A. Sprague, a distinguished citizen of Chicago, devised a set-up for the National Rehabilitation Committee. His scheme provided for a national group of lay, medical, legal and technical members, and fourteen district groups with similar personnel. The function of the national group was to parallel the central office of the Veterans Bureau in Washington, that of the district groups to parallel the fourteen district offices. This pattern is followed today with only such modifications as have been made necessary by changes in the structure of the Veterans Bureau and its expansion into the Veterans Administration.

THE object of this widely distributed committee was to assist the Veterans Bureau in getting established, and when established to assist it in carrying the prescribed benefits to the veterans. From the welter of problems of those pioneering days one rose to dominate: the need for further decentralization to bring benefits closer the doorstep of those eligible to receive them. This resulted in splitting the fourteen district offices of the Bureau into fifty-three regional offices with increased authority for the adjudication of claims on the spot. In event of a decision against him a veteran was entitled to appeal his case. Hitherto all such appeals had been heard in Washington by the Central Appeal Board.

This board was split into five groups sitting in Boston, New York, Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco. In event of an adverse decision there the veteran could carry his case to Washington. The five field appellate agencies were withdrawn after the Economy Act of 1933.

At present, under an expeditious system devised by government and Legion officials, all appeals go directly from the field to the Board of Veterans Appeals in Washington. This tribunal is made up by presidential appointment, of members selected from within and without the Veterans Administration. All are men and women of high type. The outside members, having no connection with the Veterans Administration, are in the majority. It is the Legion's job to introduce, under power of attorney for the veterans involved, claims before the field board and to follow them through to a final decision. This has been done in many thousands of cases.

As the government agencies have decentralized so has the Legion. The presentation and advocacy of claims before the fifty-three regional offices became a function of

(Continued on page 48)



American republic. They wanted to be sure that the slayer got what was coming to him. Through the Secretary of State

solely. With this change the committee assumed new responsibilities, and now handles claims presented by a veteran

# Be it EVER So HUMBLE

*By*

**WILEY M. PICKENS**

*Commander,  
Department of North Carolina  
THE AMERICAN LEGION*

*Illustration by*

**CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE**

**T**O BEGIN with, I've got to tell you a story about one of our Negroes so that you may understand the big job the Department of North Carolina has undertaken this year and why we must see it through. The story begins in a training camp of nineteen years ago.

The Negro was a sergeant named Nori Light, and Nori knew that if an officer told you to do something you kept on doing it until another order was forthcoming. He was drilling a platoon of colored brethren; he had begun at eight-thirty and it was now quarter to twelve and he had not ceased for a moment to bawl orders and see them executed. His men were panting, sweating, some of them dropping in their tracks. But Nori would say, "Get up, you big-footed ape! Is you gonna be a sojer you has to wuk at it."

I noticed how exhausted the men were and turned to the drill field. As I approached, Nori yelled, "Right foot—raise!"

His tired platoon raised right feet—all except one who either had not heard or didn't know his right from his left. Scanning the line of hob-nails, Nori saw it wasn't perfect.

"Which one of you black apes has got bof feet raised?"

Nori made a good soldier and went to France to see front-line action. In the intervening years I lost track of him save for an occasional meeting. And then, one day not long ago, I had business in Charlotte. I was in a hurry, but you can't hurry down my way if you're afoot—there are too many people to button-hole you. As I turned into Tryon Street, a tall, thin Negro stepped hesitantly in front of me, touched his hat and said, "Capt'n Pickens, suh, Ah'd lak foah tuh talk wif you."

"Why, hello, Nori!" I rejoined. "How are you, anyway?"

"Ah's got a misery, Capt'n, suh, 'n Ah wuz hopin' Ah could get you for to write to Mistah Roosevelt 'n get me mah money."

"Your money? I didn't know you were drawing compensation, Nori."

"Ah dunno what that means, Capt'n,

sick in heah—Capt'n suh, 'n Ah kain't wuk."

I stood looking at him and he interpreted this glance as one of doubt. His hand streaked into his pocket and came out with a crumpled, somewhat faded photograph. He held it up and I saw it was one of Nori taken somewhere in France.

"Jest look at dat, Capt'n suh," he urged. "You kin see, lookin' at dat 'n 'en lookin' at me dat I ain't the man I wuz."

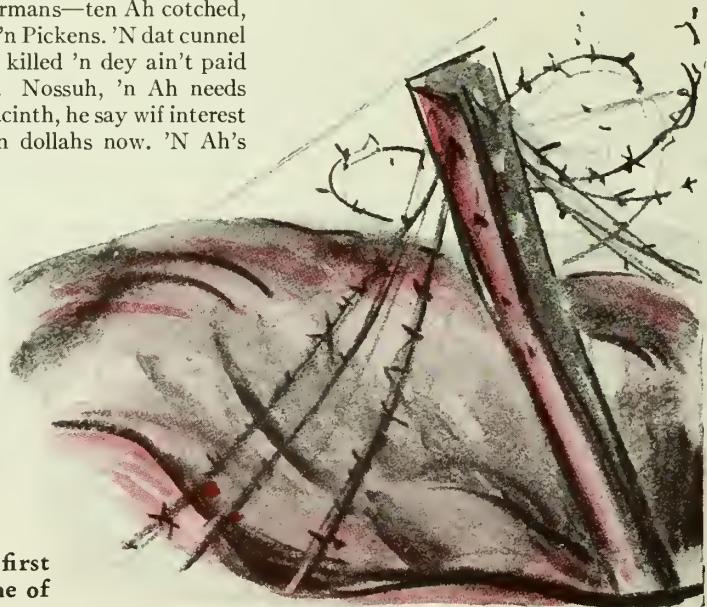
The gauntness of his frame and the sinister balloon of his stomach at which he pointed so frequently indicated that the eternal diet of beans and sow belly and corn bread had wrought damage. I knew him for a good soldier, a steady Negro who was a member of our Division B, the Negro Legion of the State.

"Come along, Nori." I said. "I'll see that you get hospitalized."

He nodded contentedly, trustfully and followed. "Is that wheah dey keep the money, suh?"

In the Veterans Administration office, while a P-ten was being filled out, I wondered at Nori's child-like faith in the word of an officer, a faith that had survived nineteen years. It was an indica-

**Nori made a first  
rate soldier, one of  
the best**





tion of their trust in their white folks. When the form was filled out and Nori had made his mark, the official said that Nori would be sent to Roanoke for treatment. Nori looked at me and I explained that Roanoke was a general hospital for treating ailing veterans, and that he would get good attention there.

"Roanoke, suh?" cried Nori, aghast. "Leave all mah folkses 'n go way up theah? Please, Capt'n Pickens, suh, kain' Ah stay right yeah 'n you give me mah money?"

I went into detail. That if it wasn't Roanoke it would be a hospital at Oteen, Asheville or Johnson City. When I finished he backed slowly toward the door, a stubborn, reproachful light in his eyes.

"I ain't goin' theah," he said. "Ah kain't go off like that. Ah'd get wusser jest thinkin' 'bout Beulah 'n the chillun. Nawsuh, if y'all kain't get me mah money, Ah 'spectz Ah'll jest have to stay heah 'n die. Ah'd die quicker way up theah anyways."

Nori continued to refuse hospital treatment and a short while later I learned that he had died of a tumor. I found out because the Veterans Administration office sent a flag which was to be draped over Nori's casket.

The single purpose in telling this story is to show the Negro's reluctance to leave his environment, the scenes with which he has been familiar all his life. It is a fact well known to physicians and others who have had experience with Negroes that they respond to treatment more satisfactorily in familiar surroundings. It is equally the fact that, unable to get treatment in their own territory, they stay at home and die.

In 1936 a total of 318 North Carolina veterans, mostly Negroes, died outside of a Veterans Administration Facility. That is the official total as tabulated from the number of flags sent to drape coffins. That there are others unreported because they did not know of this veteran privilege I have not the slightest doubt.

Yet there is only one veterans' hospital devoted solely to Negroes, in the United States. That is at Tuskegee, hundreds of miles away. There is no facility for them at all in the eastern or plains country of North and South Carolina and Georgia where they could be hospitalized without suffering from the climatic changes to which a Negro is peculiarly susceptible. Physicians having knowledge of the Negroes have often said that they should be hospitalized whenever possible where the climate is not essentially different from that to which they are accustomed. Which makes the situation in North Carolina singularly difficult.

We sent a total of 21,609 colored men to the Army in 1917, and of this total, eighteen thousand live in the eastern part of the State, which section's climate differs radically from that of the west or mountainous section. From this fact two hardships are worked. First, it is an *(Continued on page 55)*

# The GREEN

THIS is the story of three thousand veterans in the dumps of despair and of how a pale green check signed by the Treasurer of the United States gave them the boost that enabled them to climb up to the light of hope. This story should have been written long ago.

One of those veterans was Tony Gitano. He had the mercurial temperament of his Mediterranean ancestors. It took little to send him soaring to the peak of joy, and even less than that to plop him into the depths of unhappiness. On the day he came to see me he was on the bottom. His face was pale, his eyes sick, his posture that of a hopelessly defeated man.

"I am fineesh," he sighed. "This damn house—I cannot pay for her. She lick me. No money—owe too damn much—I geeve her back."

Neither Tony's case nor his words were new to me. At the nadir of the great American Gloom hundreds like Tony came to my office willing to deed back to us the house or farm which they had so hopefully and eagerly bought immediately after their return to Oregon from service in the World War. I was just about as sick over it as Tony was because it appeared then that the great Oregon experiment of putting veterans in homes or on farms was about to explode with a loud bang.

You see, Oregon, grateful to its war veterans, passed a constitutional amendment in 1921 setting up the World War Veterans' State Aid Commission. By this act the Oregon veteran had two choices of state reward: He could accept a cash bonus of \$15.00 a month for every month of service (excepting the first sixty days) between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918; or he could receive a loan of state funds with which to purchase a home or farm. The loan feature was deliberately included for a reason.

If you remember 1919 you will recall the spread of many alarmist rumors about the perils of footloose soldiers and sailors. How, lifted from the rut by military service, the veterans wouldn't want to settle down. How radical propagandists would seize on this discontent and arouse dangerous unrest. It sounds silly but let him who didn't believe then cast the first stone now.

In any case, settling the veterans on the land, giving them a stake in the community, was thought to be an ideal solution. And Oregon being a State of vast distances and not too large population, every one (the legislators and



A before-and-after of a veteran's home which a state loan made possible

voters anyway) believed that this idea would build Oregon.

For that reason, too, the regulations governing the loan of the State's credit were very liberal. A veteran could pick out a house or a farm, borrow 75 percent of the appraised value at four percent interest and have twenty-eight years in which to liquidate the loan. The maximum loan was to be \$3,000. Thus an Oregon veteran (and you had to have been enlisted from the State to be eligible) could buy a house or farm, say, for \$5,000, borrow \$3,000 from the State, \$2,000 more on second mortgage, and move right in. It was a popular act.

Of the 35,000 veterans of Oregon, 13,000 made loans. A total of \$30,840,000 was borrowed. Everybody beamed and was content. Over the years of the Beautiful Mirage all was peaceful, and the secretary of the Commission could park his heels on the desk, read the paper, and wonder if he could get away a little early for golf. The chief job was passing on loans. The Commission had repossessed some 600 parcels of property, but these came from veterans temperamentally unfitted for property-owning responsibility, and this figure was, indeed, no more than average.

Then Uncle Sam bailed out without a

# CHECK

By

JERRY OWEN

*Executive Secretary, Oregon Veterans Aid Commission*

parachute and fell down, in the early Thirties. Wages were cut, men failed of obtaining work. By 1935 we had 3,691 delinquents and the number of loans in force had fallen to 9,497. Hundreds of other veterans struggled grimly to meet their payments.

Our situation in Oregon was reminiscent of the whiskered story of the hopeless and disgusted dairy farmer who, burdened by a mortgage he could not hope to pay, called on his banker.

"Do you know how to milk a cow?" he asked.

"No, of course not," rejoined the banker.

"Well, you'd better learn, because you're in the dairy business now."

From being a loan agent for the State, the Commission suddenly found itself up to the tonsils in the real-estate business, owning nearly 2,000 parcels of property. Not that we were hard-boiled and began swiftly to foreclose. Indeed, we leaned the other way. I said to hundreds as I said to Tony, "Hang on. Let's see what happens. We won't press you."

We practically declared a moratorium.

The State was lenient about taxes. A special clause in the enabling act protected the veteran against holders of second mortgages; if such a holder foreclosed for his money he had to pay immediately all back taxes and the delinquency owed to the State Aid Commission at six percent interest. But even so thousands of the veterans despaired; and when we saw that payments to us (which was a small item, only \$15 a month), taxes and second mortgage interest and repairs were more than the man could handle we re-possessed with his consent. We did it, though,

by deed rather than by foreclosure.

Let me say here that of the 1,855 re-possessions a quarter of the veterans would have lost their properties anyway because they never should have made a loan. They weren't the type for responsibility.

For instance, just the other day a woman came in to make a back payment, and to offer an argument about taxes and the like (to her I was the all-time, all-American heel). I finally got her straightened out and then said, "Where's your husband?"

"Home."

"Working?"

"No."

"Then why didn't he come down and straighten this out?"

"Well, he leaves everything to me, and I guess I'm



A wide range in price and a wider range in architecture distinguish the houses which 13,000 of Oregon's 35,000 ex-service men bought with state aid

the one who can care for it the best."

I made a mental note then that the said veteran would lose his home—and he did.

But to get back. Another twenty-five percent of the 1855 lost their holdings

through bad luck—unfortunate accidents, sickness, poor crops, lost jobs. The other 950 had to surrender because of the depression and for no other cause.

But the situation kept getting worse. The delinquent—(Continued on page 39)

# BE YOUR OWN COMMODORE

*By*

A.F. WAKEFIELD



Likewise for the moderately rich, for the merely prosperous, and for ordinary fellows like you and me. It used to be done by gentlemen who sat in comfortable chairs on deck and puffed Havana cigars while the work was performed by the hired hands. Now it is likewise done by amateur sailors pretty far down the economic scale, who not only do their own sailing but also scrape the paint and sand the varnish, or even build their own boats. And on race day, the fellow who gets the honor and the silverware is the one who puts his boat over the finish line ahead of the others, be he heir of a great fortune or driver of the town's waste disposal vehicle. If you think this an

exaggeration of financial and social contrasts to be found in a single sailing race, send stamped envelope for further particulars.

As pretty an example as you are likely to find of how sailing has become a sport for the ordinary fellows is our town, Vermilion, Ohio. Here is a town of 1500 population—just about what it was thirty years ago when we moved here because my father counted that weekend wasted which he could not spend upon the water. As soon as he reached the stage where he could move his small manufacturing business to a new location, he selected Vermilion for having the best all-around facilities for yachting

**A**N OLD lake captain in our town once delivered himself of a comment which sums up the opinion of professional seafaring men upon yachtsmen, who do their seafaring as sport. "Seems to me," he remarked judicially, "if anybody wants to go sailing around on water just for the fun of it, he'd do better to take it easy on a big steamer instead of hunching down in the sternsheets of a dinky little sailboat a-gettin' himself half-drowned."

The illogic of human behavior is typified, however, by the hundreds of thousands of Americans who every weekend, and for two golden vacation weeks of each summer, lock up their desks, their stores, their toolboxes and rush to the nearest bay or lake or sea or sound. There they make sail and head for open water, whether it be salt or fresh, rough or smooth, deep or shallow—just so there is a breeze blowing, and the harder the better. Perhaps it is as silly as it looks to the old captain, but I doubt it. If it did not make better sense than that, sailing would have died out long ago, instead of spreading and prospering throughout the land.

Back when father was a boy, yachting was a sport for the very rich. It still is.

**Gone with the wind, and how!**  
**A dead calm? There's virtually**  
**no such animal**



anywhere in the general region. There were plenty of other Ohio towns which suited him just as well for factory sites, but not for a still-water harbor on Lake Erie.

Despite the immoderate amusement of the natives—practically all of them commercial fishermen or otherwise living by marine occupation—he bought a boat and began enjoying himself. Some of the local folks whose duties held them ashore during the working week decided that it looked like fun. Pretty soon they were at it in one form or another. The Vermilion Boat Club was formed, and continues its uninterrupted career. Its membership is made up of local folks, dues are \$8 a year, its interest is strictly

the medicos tell us is bad for aging hearts.

Our town is pretty quiet except for the fast trains rolling through. But even here, and more noticeably when I have been away from home for a week end in New York or Chicago and have taken refuge on some friend's yacht, the contrast afforded by a small sailboat even half a mile offshore is beyond belief. Until you have experienced it, you cannot appreciate the peace and tranquillity of the wind and water, with the occasional creak of a backstay or the rattle of a line through a sheave.

Spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday at this. You come back to your job not worn out as from too much tennis or golf or horseback riding, but completely

second or third owners. The tendency is for a beginner to buy somebody else's boat, while the veteran has a new one built to suit his experienced tastes. The cost runs anywhere from \$800 down to \$400 for the new hull, depending on whether the owner has it built or builds it himself. One sailor in a neighboring town, who happens to work in a foundry, cut the cost still lower by making his own hardware fittings—and incidentally outshines the rest of us by having them chromium plated.

Sails cost \$130 a suit, which is our salty way of describing a mainsail and a jib. If you start out as a beginner, you will do some sailing around for a year or two to get the hang of it; when you are



**Point-to-point you'll do better  
in a powerboat, but the extra  
minutes under sail will be time  
well lost**

and happily relaxed. Your lungs have stored up a week's supply of such air as is never breathed ashore. Your hide is tanned two shades darker than it was. You have done just enough physical work to tone you up for a week at desk or counter or bench.

Just how expensive is this sailing? Well, in all our club fleet not one sailboat cost a thousand dollars. Our biggest boats, the ones which keep up the really brisk competition, are the Star class, all of them built to standard specifications, just under twenty-three feet long. Several of these are in the hands of their

ready for racing, you will need another suit of sails, because your old ones will have been so flattened out by use that they will not yield the maximum speed. But these two suits should last a long while—my second suit of sails lasted eight years.

There are several standardized classes of small sailboats in use, of which the Star boats happen to have one of the largest numbers, with some 1100 in different ports of the world—Africa, Asia, Europe, Australia, North America, South America, the Philippines, Japan, Hawaii, the West Indies have some of the Star boat fleets. There are several other large classes, some of these smaller, less expensive craft, and others larger. Let me right now disclaim any desire to sing the praises of Star      (*Continued on page 46*)

in boats. Across the river is the Vermilion Yacht Club with its membership principally of the well-to-do city folks who are with us from June to September. The two clubs share an enthusiasm for yachting, and work together to make our town an even more active pleasure port than it already is. They hold an annual race week which is the high spot of the town's summer sailing season.

Of all the sports, sailing seems tailored to fit the recreation requirements of those of us who have now reached our forties. It is exercise—if you think it a sedentary occupation, hustle in your application to a yachtsman friend and maybe he will let you crew for him some Saturday afternoon this summer when the race does not mean a great deal. At the same time, sailing is not violent exercise of the kind

# FRONT and CENTER

## VETERANS AND JOBS

*To the Editor:* May I comment on the very pertinent and forceful article "Veterans Unpreferred" by J. Bryan Hobbs in the May issue of the Monthly? To get right straight to the point, it's a certainty that no one will help the unemployed veteran unless it is the veterans themselves. Despite many industries being at a peak of production similar to that in 1929 we yet see a staggering number of unemployed. Industry calls for young men and that lets all too many veterans out in the cold. Let us then consider the WPA. Here we find little if any discrimination in favor of the veteran, the man who above all others should receive the nation's assistance.

Sometime back, circumstances forced me to take an administrative job in the State Emergency Relief Administration in this State. I was a deputy paymaster and hence had a fine chance to see who was being paid good American taxpayers' money. I was shocked to see the large—very large—number of actual aliens on these rolls. This applies with equal force to the WPA. The situation now is that substantial reductions will be made in the WPA staffs and in number of project employes. This will mean still fewer jobs for American veterans.

I suggest, therefore, that the Legion should take an immediate, firm and forceful stand on the question of the expulsion of aliens from WPA employment. Let us help our buddies in need—surely they merit first consideration from our own Government.—DANIEL R. CONNING, San Francisco, Calif.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* The article "Veterans Unpreferred" was timely and the truths in this article should be acted upon by every ex-service man. Up to this time I don't believe there has been enough attention and energy expended in this direction by ex-service men's organizations. I would like to put another angle on this matter, and that is Uncle Sam's disregard for the disabled veteran when it comes to handing out jobs. Let me cite my own case. I am unable to do inside work because of a wartime disability. I applied for a job I thought I could fill, and in the physical examination I passed except for a disability "incurred in active military service." This was typed on the physical examination papers.

About two months later I received a form letter from the Civil Service Commission with a cold X mark before the line "Rejected on account of physical disability" or words to that effect. No explanations, no letter. I can't express the disappointment I felt with this

letter, but if you ever have been betrayed by your best friend you will know how hurt I was.—GEORGE B. IWEMA, Chicago.

## FROM A WEARER OF THE D.S.C.

*To the Editor:* In the May issue of the Monthly, in the article by Bernhard Ragner in regard to those who have received D. S. C. medals, I am listed as having come from Laurinburg, N. C. I suppose it does not make much difference but for the sake of accuracy it seems to me it should be corrected.

My home, I think, was given as Fredericktown, Ohio. I have been connected with the Pennsylvania Hospital a number of years, having gone with the unit from this hospital when we entered the war. I think Mr. Ragner is quite right. The book issued by the War Department giving the list of those who have received the D. S. C. and the Congressional Medal of Honor, is very interesting reading.—HELEN G. McCLELLAND, R. N., Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE ROOSEVELT GRAVE

*To the Editor:* In the March issue, in Front and Center, I noticed a letter from C. L. Hayward regarding the condition of Quentin Roosevelt's grave, in July 1918. The following information may be of some interest. As I am not sure as to the exact date, will omit that.

The grave was found late of an afternoon, and word was sent back through G-2, 42d Div. My photo unit under command of 1st Lt. J. S. Brown, Jr., Photographic Officer, 42d Div., was ordered to photograph it. The unit proceeded immediately to the grave. Being late in the day, the light was too weak for photographic work. We went back the next morning at dawn, and awaited the proper light, at which time we made the first American pictures of the grave, as the enemy left it. There were four small posts forming a square about the grave, with a single strand of wire stapled to the top of these posts. The broken and bent wheels of his plane were on the ground inside of the wire. A broken strut of the plane was hanging on the wire, and on this strut in what looked like a scratch of a nail was the word, ROOSEVELT.—R. H. INGLESTON, Omaha, Neb.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* Here are some additional facts about Quentin Roosevelt's grave

*Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.*

near Chamery, where he was shot down on July 14, 1918. On the evening of August 9th the 128th Infantry staff, on which I was then acting intelligence officer, were about to have supper when in came Colonel Frank McCoy and Father Duffy from the nearby Rainbow Division.

They had a German newspaper that gave the location of Quentin's grave and an account of the fight in the air. Frank McCoy had been aide to Teddy Roosevelt in the White House and of course knew the boy. Father Duffy had known the family in New York City. A considerable group of us went to the grave not only to guide our visitors but to attend while Father Duffy conducted a brief service for the dead. Only a few days later Frank McCoy was made a brigadier and assumed command of our brigade.—J. R. CASE, Bethel, Conn.

## THE SPRINTING SAILORS

*To the Editor:* I read with much interest Mr. Watson's vivid and interesting article in a recent issue of the Monthly entitled "No Runs, One Hit, One Error," giving a description of the U. S. S. Texas promenade on the beach due to an error of one of the officers of the ship.

I believe that my old shipmates of the *Vermont* will agree that the *Texas* going ashore was a tame party to the one we had in the winter of 1917 while going from the York river to Norfolk Navy Yard.

The *Vermont* (or *Piedmont* as we called her) was not a nice new ship, but it was the home of around 900 officers and gobs and had weathered many storms. We were traveling at about eight knots an hour when there was a sudden and abrupt stop, piling men and everything loose in a heap. It was very soon discovered that we were stranded on a sand bar or mud bank and held by the mine sweeper, which extended down from the bottom.

The ship was in charge of Captain H. O. Stickney (Hard on Sailors) and we expected him to be all excited and call Washington for help but he didn't. The engines were reversed but all that happened was to stir up sand and mud, so after a few minutes he ordered "Quarters" sounded and every man except firemen and engineers on duty was called to the quarter deck and instructed to run from one side to the other in a body at the sound of the bugle.

Thirty minutes later she tipped a fraction of an inch, then a little higher each time we ran until she suddenly broke loose and shot out into deep water as the engines were running full speed.

As far as I know this incident was not reported to the Bureau of Navigation.—E. F. OVERBY, Harrisburg, Illinois.

# LEST WE FORGET

A MEMORIAL TO THOSE COMRADES  
WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE  
IN THE WORLD WAR

By

REV. BRYAN H. KEATHLEY, D.D.  
*National Chaplain*  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

WE HAVE been told that the World War, entered by the soldiers of the United States to "make the world safe for democracy" and to banish war forever from the face of the earth, was nothing less than a colossal blunder on the part of civilized man; that it was promoted by capitalism and that three words, "Draft, Daft and Graft," contain the whole story. Some would have us believe American soldiers were deceived into offering their lives and marched as dumb, driven cattle into the firing lines where many of them died believing they owed it to their country to shed their last drop of blood as patriots.

It is not for me to argue the pro or con of the World War. I leave it to the individual to decide just what America's sacrifice meant to our country and to the entire world. But after all is said and done, the ex-service man who yet lives to see Old Glory proudly waving in the breeze, and protecting this land given to us by our God-fearing and freedom-loving fathers, cannot forget his comrade who made the supreme sacrifice, either in training camp or on the field of battle.

Dare we dismiss our departed dead to the chambers of forgetfulness and death? What we admire and prize and venerate in them can never be forgotten. We dare not, we cannot forget the men who once breathed the free air of this country,

who stamped their characters on the pillars of the age and poured out their heart's blood on the battlefield or otherwise in line of duty.

My comrades: Let us pause and reverence the memory of our departed heroes; and, until the mountains crumble, and the tides go in and out no more; until the clouds are weary of replenishing the springs, and the springs forget to send forth clear, life-giving water, and rivers no longer flow onward to the sea, may the memory of these men be enshrined in the hearts of those for whom they so willingly died!

These soldiers were honest, patriotic citizens of our nation. They were men of whom it could be said, "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

Yet these men, though dead, did speak. The dead bodies of some of our comrades were buried beneath white crosses in Flanders Field, and one day when Mother Nature arrayed herself in her spring gown, making ready for the harvest of a coming autumn, poppies began to lift their heads from the graves of our brave dead whose bodies had been left over there. Then the silence was broken and the message

To you from failing hands  
We throw the torch

came ringing across the storm-swept battlefields, falling gently but surely upon our ears.

It is not sufficient for us to re-

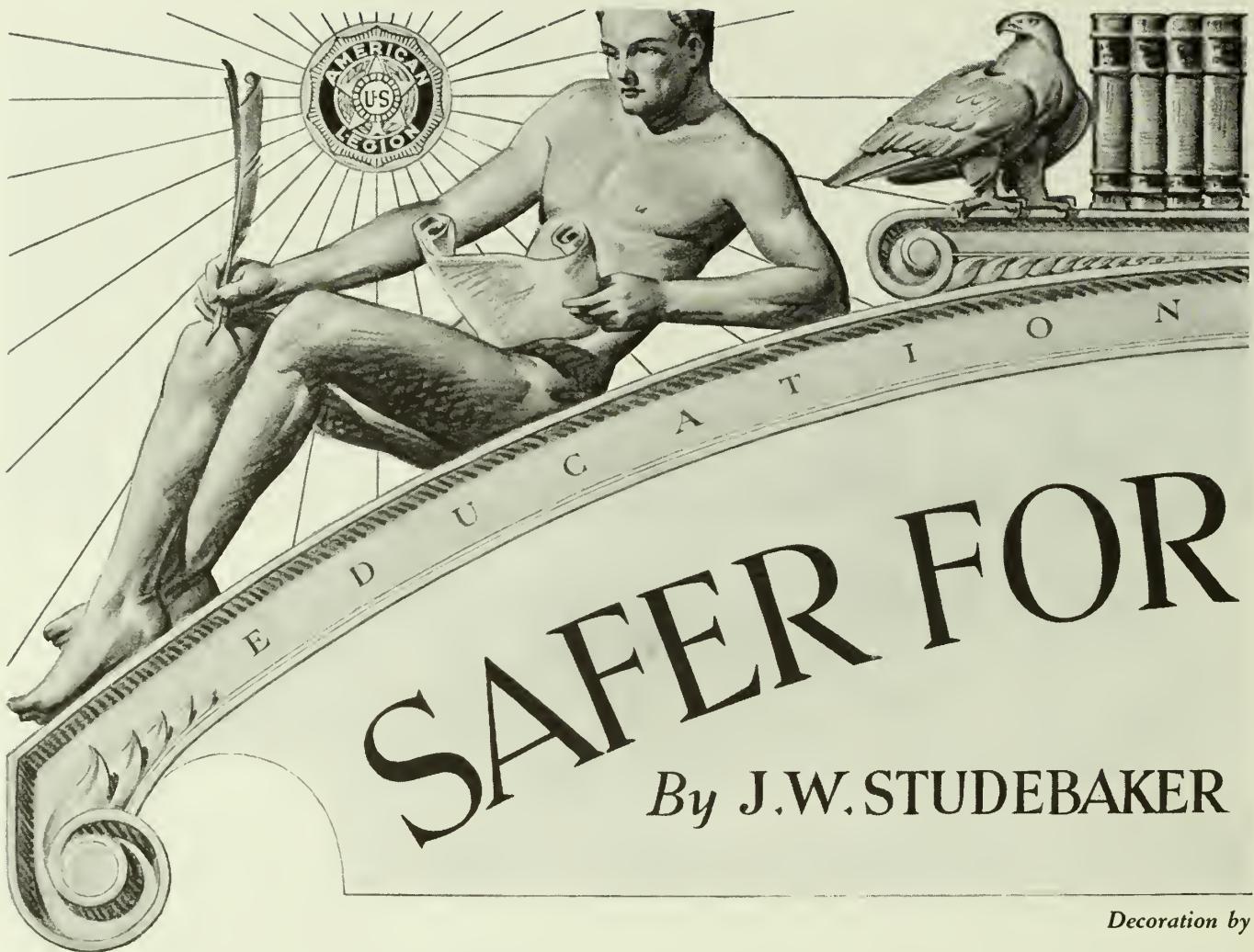
member the deeds of sacrifice made by the men who did not return to their native land when the World War came to an end. It is for you and for me, my comrades, to remember their challenge and to reply in no uncertain terms:

Fear not that you have died for naught;  
The torch you threw to us we caught;  
Ten million hands to hold it high,  
And freedom's light shall never die.  
We've learned the lesson that ye taught  
In Flanders Field.

Let us remember it is easy for us to march down the streets to marshaling music, holding high our national flag, while the crowds cheer us. It is natural for us to join in singing the hymns of our nation while we proudly stand in some magnificent auditorium, surrounded by our loved ones and friends. One need not be a hero in order to place a wreath upon the grave of a departed comrade. But it is no easy task to live up to the challenge of our deceased comrades. Let us then stand on this Memorial Day with uncovered and bowed heads and pray with immortal Kipling:

God of our fathers, known of old;  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine;  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The Captains and the Kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.



# SAFER FOR

*By J.W. STUDEBAKER*

*Decoration by*

"WE WON'T come back till it's over, over there," ran a popular wartime song. This was the spirit of the recruits in 1917-'18. They were enlisted for the duration of the war. We were given two slogans in those days. One was "A war to end war." The other was "to make the world safe for democracy."

The casual reader of the newspapers knows that the world is on the brink of another war, and that no country on earth is now "safe for democracy." Quite apart from the controversy which continues to rage concerning the underlying causes of the war, few Americans will dispute the desirability of achieving the two ends given us as slogans. In terms of those objectives, the war was a fight to a draw and the peace treaty defined the terms of the next armed conflict.

Those who entertain these two great goals—world peace and world democracy—know that the struggle to attain them has never ended. As a matter of fact, the struggle has now advanced to a most critical stage. The forces of democracy and peace have been driven to the wall by the forces of dictatorship and imperialism. The struggle on the political front has now come to a crisis where it again may be shifted to the military front. Those who went "over there" are back, but they know that it isn't "over, over there." It looks as though our real problem is to keep that basic conflict from spreading over here.

The question which confronts us as enlisted recruits in the struggle that never ended is, "What can we do to win an eventual victory, that is, a warless, democratic world?" It would seem to be good tactics to hold the line of democracy here in America. I would suggest for our slogan, "Organize to preserve and extend in America what we fought to make the world safe for." That may be poor grammar, but it appeals to me as good sense, all the same.

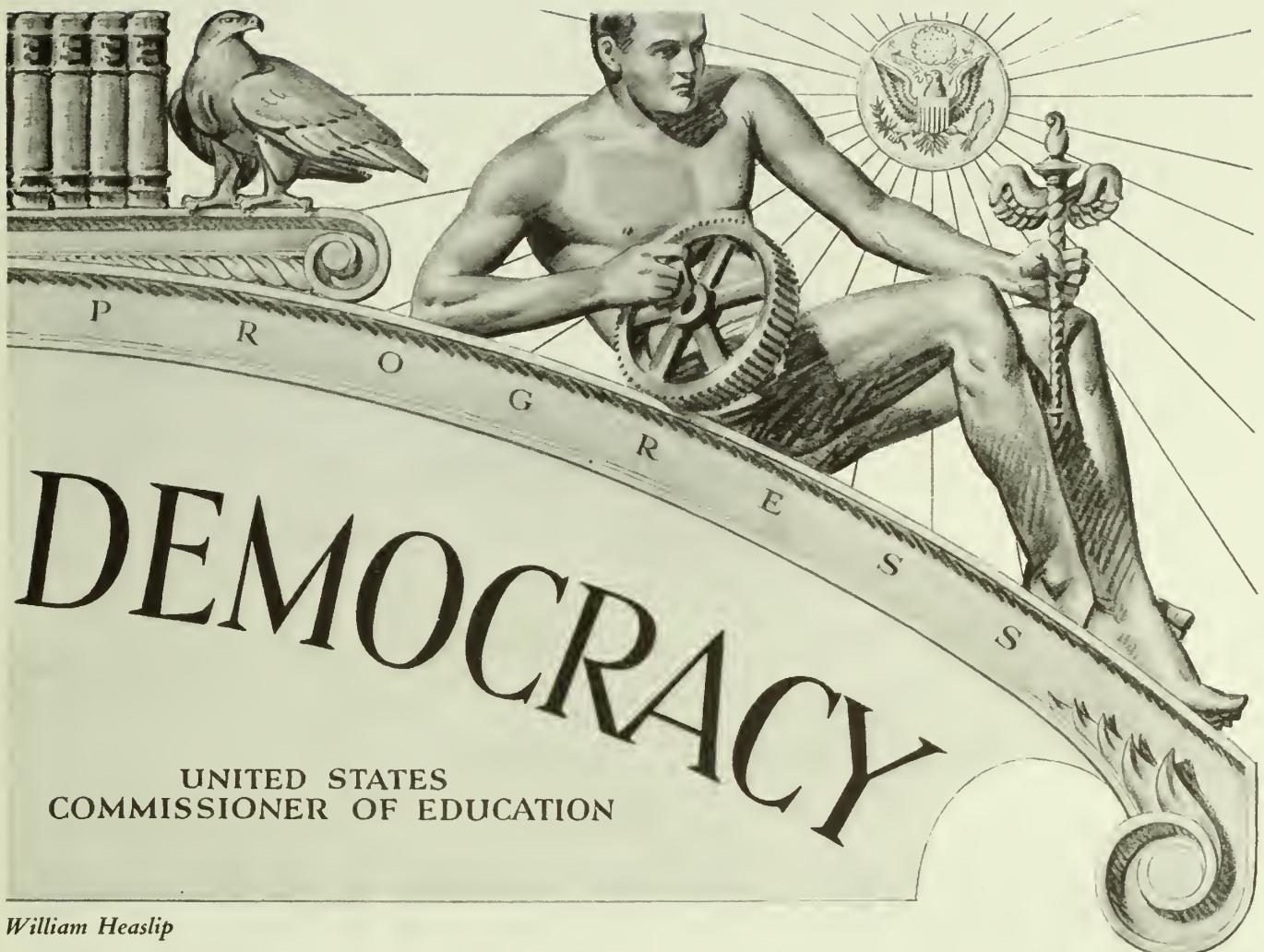
A slogan is a crystalized philosophy, an abbreviated purpose for action. It is a useful thing if the people who get together to

work for it know what it means. It is a dangerous thing if it becomes a substitute for thinking.

The basic ideas and ideals of a democratic society are simple and yet profound. No society has yet applied them to all of the aspects of social organization. Indeed, the prerequisites of democratic behavior are so severe that the progress from despotism on the one hand to complete self government on the other must of necessity be slow and halting. The urge in man for power *over* his fellow man which has been passed on from tribal days must be sublimated by an intelligent understanding of the infinite possibilities of man's power *with* man.

People have to *learn* the ways of democratic behavior. Like all other strong human urges, the passion for power *over* people can be mastered only by the substitution of other patterns of behavior through education. Therefore the battlefield in the world-wide struggle for democracy stretches from the home through the schools, the local community, State and nation to the international conference table. Parents who encourage children to join in a co-operative organization of family life as early as possible are contributing to a world "safe for democracy." Schools which develop self government, self discipline and the practice of respecting group decisions prepare youth for citizenship in a democracy. Educational and social organizations which define greatness of character in terms of service and meanness of character in terms of exploitation lead us toward the democratic ideal.

THE world or any section of it will be a safe place for the flowing of democracy when enough people understand and practice the fundamental principles of that way of life. Essentially, the idea of democracy contains two important principles. First, the freely expressed will of the majority is law. Second, the right and privilege of people in the minority to attempt to become the majority through peaceful persuasion is scrupulously



UNITED STATES  
COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

*William Heaslip*

protected. The phrases "majority rule" and "freedom of expression" are commonplace in our vernacular. But the realization of their profound meaning in national and international affairs requires patient and careful education and organization.

If the will of the majority is expected to promote progress and intelligent action, the masses of people must have access to thorough-going educational preparations. The leaders of the democratic idea have always maintained that it could not be achieved without mass education. At least three kinds of educational experience are necessary for citizens of a democracy.

First, they must learn to use the tools of communication—reading, writing and speech. People who cannot read are slaves whether they have the right to vote or not.

Second, they must learn in actual practice in group life, starting with the family and continuing in all other social groupings, the methods and techniques of self-government. People must be educationally prepared to treat each other as free, self-respecting human beings. They must come to understand the ways of getting things done with group understanding and participation. When it is generally recognized that people who seek to arrive at goals, no matter how worthy, by the use of dictation and force, are anti-social persons, we may consider our educational and social institutions successful in citizenship training.

Third, the citizens and those preparing for citizenship should have educational facilities for the continuous study and discussion of the problems which require their intelligent attention.

Majority rule, of course, implies some power to compel compliance. But if the people understand and participate intelligently in important decisions, and if they have learned the essentials of democratic behavior, the problem of securing compliance is not so difficult to solve with the minimum of force. The great difficulty arises when the members of the minority are unwilling to accept the expressed will of the majority and seek to change that will by force. This unwillingness to accept majority govern-

ment when it rules contrary to one's own hopes or interests must be dealt with educationally on the school playground, in summer camps, in student self government, in social groups of all kinds.

People who have not, by and large, come to appreciate the importance of compliance with majority rule are not prepared for citizenship in a democracy. Therefore, we will do well to inspect carefully the methods we are using in the home, in the school and in our various organizations to see that we are really promoting a respect for and confidence in majority rule. Without mass confidence in the ultimate value of majority rule, we face the danger of open clashes between majority and minority forces, called civil war. This is a reversion to the old way of deciding important matters by contest of armed forces. The policy is made by the side which can kill most efficiently the people on the other side.

BUT we should never forget that respect for and confidence in majority rule are engendered and increased only by a majority attitude which scrupulously protects the minority in its chance to become the majority by processes of peaceful persuasion, by free discussion, by argument. Centuries of human struggle have taught us that it is in a minority which has been coerced into silence by an arrogant and intolerant majority that the seeds of violence are planted. Therefore, those of us who profess to believe in the democracy of self-government by majority rule bear the responsibility of exemplifying tolerance toward the dissenting voice of the minority. And on the other hand the minorities which clamor for the right to be heard and which protest against restrictions of civil liberties must recognize their obligation not to use these liberties as a means of establishing a social order that would place control in the mailed fist of a new and intolerant majority.

The democratic method rests on the process of counting noses and not corpses. But it takes a high state of culture and civilization to get social action in this way. (Continued on page 52)

**I**N TIMES of great crises when storm, fire or flood ravages a city or a section of the country, the story is caught up by the newspapers and heralded in bold headlines. It is a time of great physical and emotional stress. Individuals are singled out and commended for praiseworthy deeds, the story of which is told on a thousand pages. But when a sick child or an injured man is lifted up from a bed of pain and restored to health and normal life by the introduction of blood from the veins of a healthy person—a miracle of medical science within itself—the deed is taken more or less for granted. Blood transfusions are accomplished every day. There is nothing spectacular about them. To the general public it is just one of the things the doctors do in extreme cases and but little thought is given the subject—until the need for a transfusion arises.

A type of service that has been rendered

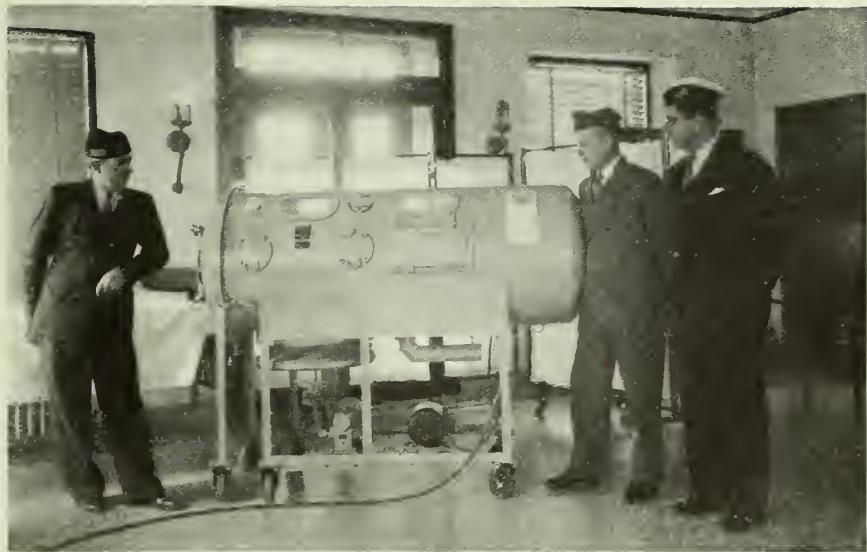
In almost every State are Legion blood squads, composed of men ready to give blood of tested quality whenever called upon. Below, a group of Washington, D. C., Forty and Eighters organized as a club of Blood Brothers.

more in actual life saving than in the rescue work in sections ravaged by fire or flood.

A little more than a year ago The American Legion Monthly published an article telling of a few of the organized groups working within the Legion. The story told of the work of Newburyport (Massachusetts) Post, which claims the honor of having had the pioneer American Legion free blood squad, and with mention of the squads of Wenatchee (Washington) Post; Frank Luke Post of Phoenix, Arizona; LeRoy S. Mead Post of Closter, New Jersey, and Morgan-Ranck Post of Ocean City, New Jersey. That article gave a vision of service to other posts in widely separated sections and resulted in the organization of many squads of blood donors. These men are not professional blood-sellers, but self-sacrificing Legionnaires who submit themselves to the most rigid tests to determine

# *A Legion of* **BLOOD BROTHERS**





**Commander Joe Lynn of Joe Carson Post, Tulsa, Oklahoma, with Past Department Commander Putty Gilmer and A. L. Epstein looking over iron lung installed in hospital as gift of Post**

the purity and type of their blood, and also to determine in just what cases their own particular type would be suitable or most effective.

One of the latest of the squads of blood donors has been organized from the membership of the Grande Voiture of the Forty and Eight of the District of Columbia, and is the only group operating in the National Capital that can be relied upon to answer emergency and charity calls at any time, day or night, without charge or obligation. A report of the services of these Forty and Eighters has been received from W. H. Hargrave, Grand Correspondent, who is a member and who has had pints of his blood transferred to sick and injured persons:

"Last year a call came by radio from the operating room of the Children's Hospital for a volunteer to give a blood transfusion to a child seriously injured in an automobile accident. Jess Chaillet, Grand Chef de Train, heard this call. It suggested to him the need of an organization of an emergency blood donors group to answer just such calls. Fourteen Voyageurs responded to the suggestion and a committee was organized, whose gifts of blood were first directed to children. Others completed the tests and were added to the squad. The work expanded and within the first few months the donors were called upon for transfusions in more than forty emergency cases.

"The present committee, which is headed by John McCabe, is prepared upon instant notice to send one or more donors carrying the type of blood desired, to any hospital. Some members have submitted to several transfusions to the same patient. One such case is that of O. M. Schriver, Olympic rifle champion in 1920 and a leader in the Legion and Forty and Eight, who underwent four transfusions within ten weeks to prolong the life of a six-year-old child suffering from osteomyelitis."

Another report of most distinguished, if unsung, service comes from the Legion organization of Allegheny County, New York, where a Legion of Blood Brothers has been organized, and which is said to be the first attempt to get together a group of blood donors on a county-wide scale. This Legion has enrolled, tested and accepted 116 men out of the 440 members of the eleven posts located in Allegheny County. A complete record of each man has been made and filed at one central office which is at once accessible to every physician in the county.

The Legion of Blood Brothers came into being because of an emergency situation and as a result of the article published in the Monthly. William C. Greene is not only County Bacteriologist of Allegheny County, but he is also Commander of Herbert W. DeLong Post of Belmont, and it was through his interest that the group was organized. Early one morning there came to him in his official capacity as County Bacteriologist a call for help from a physician. A woman patient in a hospital at Wellsville was losing blood. Nothing could be done to stop it. An immediate transfusion was imperative to save her life. The doctor was appealing for a volunteer with the proper blood type.

No records of persons suitable for such transfusions had been compiled. A volunteer had to be found; tests had to be made. All this took time, and time at the expense of the suffering woman. It was several hours before a volunteer with the correct type of blood could be located. Because of the long delay the life of the patient was almost despaired of, but with the transfusion, late as it was, she rallied and was later restored to her family in good health.

The incident set Commander Greene to thinking. He remembered having read an article in The American Legion Monthly of an organization within a Legion post who called themselves Blood Brothers. These Legionnaires had submitted to tests and typing of blood, a work with which he was familiar, and had pledged themselves to give their blood in cases of need and emergency. Why not arrange a list of home blood donors sponsored by the Allegheny County organization of The American Legion? He was fired with enthusiasm over the possibilities of such a worthy undertaking and, at the next meeting of the Allegheny County Council, presented his plan. It was promptly accepted and he was made Chairman of a committee to enroll the members and complete an organization.

Nine of the eleven posts of the county were visited in person by Commander Greene, who gathered recruits and personally made tests. Other physical examinations and blood tests were

made by members of the Allegheny County Medical Society, which had endorsed the project and welcomed the volunteers. Members of the Legion of Blood Brothers have been called upon many times to give blood in emergency transfusions.



Mention has been made of the Legionnaires of Wenatchee, Washington, who organized a qualified blood donor group some years ago. The newest squad of this character in the Department of Washington is that made up of the members of Walter C. Lee Post at Walla Walla. Fourteen members of the post volunteered and qualified for membership after blood tests and physical examinations given at the Veterans Administration hospital. These Legionnaires are banded together primarily for the purpose of giving blood in cases where transfusions are needed at the hospital by non-compensated veterans.

Another group worthy of high commendation is that composed of the members of Carl Vogel Post of Lake Worth, Florida. Organized just a few months ago with a membership of thirty, the Blood Brothers have been called upon to assist in thirty or more transfusions.

M. C. Baker, Post Service Officer, writes that the organization of the club was the result of a conference with pathologists at the Lake Worth hospitals. The Legionnaires were informed that while the hospitals had a list of professional blood donors it was often difficult to find volunteers for charity cases, or in cases of extreme emergency. While the club operates on a non-pay basis, such fees as are collected by the hospitals are turned into the post charity fund.

Other groups of Blood Brothers are operating in dozens of cities and towns under the auspices of the Legion and as

the allies of and in perfect co-operation with doctors, medical societies and hospitals. It is a noble service, a self-sacrifice, but it catches no headlines in the newspapers.

## Iron Lung for Tulsa

WHAT is said by Department officials to be probably the most outstanding community service project begun and completed by any post in Oklahoma during the past year, has just been accomplished by Joe Carson Post of Tulsa, when an iron lung with complete equipment was installed in Morning-side Hospital in their city. A scourge of infantile paralysis throughout the Tulsa area disclosed the imperative need for such equipment and appliances.

The iron lung is a large metal house in which patients are placed to promote artificial respiration when paralysis strikes the muscles used in breathing, and is claimed to be the only known effective treatment for infantile paralysis and kindred conditions. It is invaluable also in the treatment of all kinds of asphyxia. The iron lung remains the property of Joe Carson Post but is dedicated to the use of the general public.

Joe Carson Post is one of the really big ones in the Legion National Organization, with an enrolled membership of more than one thousand and a post quota of twelve hundred. It has been very active in community service work for many years; the purchase and installation of the iron lung is but one of the projects set for 1937.

## Honors War Leader's Parents

ON EACH Memorial Day when the members of Hyde Park Post of Chicago, Illinois, assemble in Oakwoods Cemetery to render honors to their comrade dead, a solemn service is held at the graves of Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher Pershing and Captain Ward Pershing. In these graves lie the parents and the brother of General John J. Pershing, under whose command the Legionnaires served, and the annual ser-

vices have been assumed as a post obligation, participated in by the crack color guard and firing squad, as well as by the general membership.

After the last service the post received a letter from General Pershing, written on behalf of the surviving members of the family: "The custom of the Hyde Park Post of decorating annually the graves of our parents and brother is a gesture which touches us deeply."

As a part of their Memorial Day activity this post also participates in the ceremonies honoring the Confederate dead who are buried in Oakwoods, which is held under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and affiliated bodies.

## The Magic of a Name

FROM time to time mention has been made of honors paid The American Legion in having its name bestowed on places and objects. In several States American Legion Memorial Highways have been dedicated in honor

of the men who served in the World War; Legion has for many years had a place on the map of the State of Texas as the site of one of the chain of Veterans Administration hospitals; an ocean liner, now in the South American trade, has long borne the name the *American Legion*, and this ship was most appropriately selected to transport Secretary of State Cordell Hull to the Pan-



American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires, Argentina, last December.

A ferryboat in New York harbor, the *American Legion*, plies daily between the Battery and St. George, Staten Island. At Sacramento, California, a public school has been named The American Legion School, because it seemed to the Board of Education the most representative name that could be selected to do honor to the men and women who gave their service in 1917 to 1919. Now from Wyoming comes the story of a lake, high in the mountain fastnesses, that for seventeen years has been known officially as Legion Lake.

Legion Lake is located about thirty miles east of Pinedale, Wyoming, and lies at an elevation of 9,700 feet just west of the Continental Divide in the Wind River Range. It was named by Legionnaire C. C. Feltner in 1920 and the name has been officially adopted. The lake is designated as Legion Lake on all the maps of that region, but it lies alone in its beauty and except for occasional visits by forest rangers and cowboys it is undisturbed from one year to another. There are no roads leading to the lake and the nearest habitation is about fifteen miles distant.

The members of Phillips-Edwards Post at Pinedale have announced that it is their intention to select four mountain lakes in the same general area and bestow

On Memorial Day members of Hyde Park Post at Chicago honor the graves of parents of General Pershing in Oakwoods Cemetery



upon them the names of the four men from the Pinedale country who lost their lives in the World War. To complete this great natural memorial in an unspoiled region, a mountain peak which as yet bears no distinctive designation, towering over this highland lake country, will be named American Legion Peak.

### The Legion's Scout Troops

ONE of the major phases of The American Legion's youth activity program today, as it has been for many years, is that of promoting the work of the Boy Scouts of America. In this activity Legion leaders throughout the country have been most effective in bringing Scouting to a great number of boys who otherwise would not have the benefit of the program. The nature of the Legion organization, reaching into small centers as well as large, has given a splendid advantage in the local communities and



Legion Lake, a beauty spot high in the Wind River Range in Wyoming

in recruiting and training for leadership.

The Legion can take the Scout program to the boys on the farm, and it can do equally as well in the congested industrial areas. Scouting has had such an appeal to the boys in both city and country that there are now more than 70,000 Boy Scouts enroled in 2,795 Legion-sponsored troops.

The total number varies from year to year as the size of the troops changes, but the average enrolment remains at about twenty-five for each troop. The Department of California leads the Legion with a total of 478 troops; New York is second with 227; Illinois closely follows with 222, and Ohio stands in fourth place with 179.

In every Legion Department there are Legion-sponsored Boy Scout troops. There is not a single blank. In addition, a large number of posts sponsor Sea Scout ships, the figures for which are not in-

cluded in the list given.

The value and effectiveness of Scout training is reflected in many other youth activity programs carried on by the Legion -- in junior baseball, the Boys' State, in school work and school awards. In a survey made at the Ohio Boys' State last year more than fifty percent of the boys in attendance were found to be members of the Boy Scouts.

Many of these Legion-sponsored Scouts, individually and by troops, will participate in the first National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America which will be held at Washington, D. C., from June 30th to July 9th, when it is expected that more than 25,000 Scouts will be assembled at the National Capital from every section of the country and some from foreign lands. The federal Government has made a

The Skipper and crew of Sea Scout Ship *Legionnaire* sponsored by Unity Post of Roselle, New Jersey

campsites of 350 acres available and there demonstrations of the values of the Scout program of character building and citizenship training will be given. One of the features of the Jamboree will be a visit to Arlington National Cemetery, the home of General Robert E. Lee, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

### Portland Post Broadcasts

LEGION posts looking for a new idea in a local or national radio broadcast

may well take a leaf from the book of Hurlburt-Worsham Post of Portland, Oregon. This post, under the direction of Leon N. Lefebvre, has a broadcast feature under the general title of Colors on Review, but once each year the post puts on a special number of such notable quality that it has been widely commented on.

In 1936 the annual feature night was given to a program dramatizing the life of Ralph Hurlburt, one of the men for whom the post was named. The

1937 observance in turn dramatized the life of Elijah Worsham, whose name is also perpetuated in that of the post. Arrangements were made to broadcast the program nationally. A cast of twelve members of the post was used in the presentation, for which special music had been arranged, and an address by Colonel Alfred (Continued on page 56)





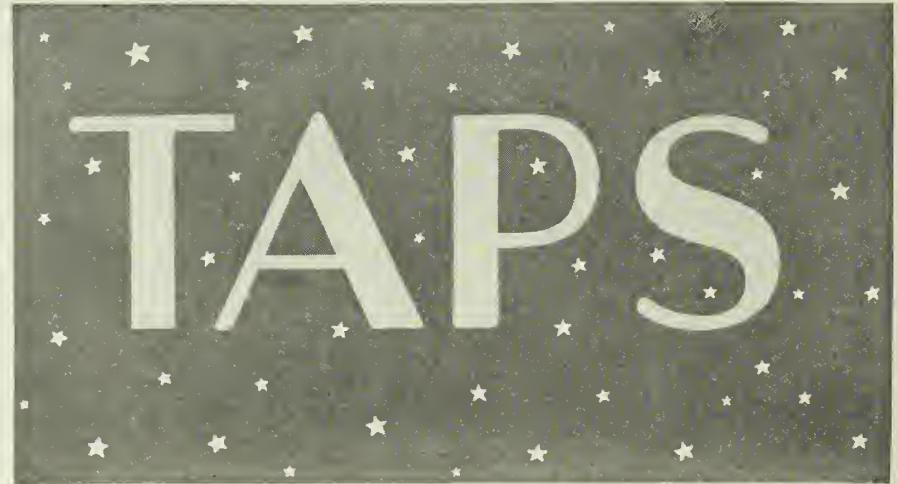
FADETH LIGHT  
AND AFAR  
GOETH DAY  
COMETH NIGHT  
AND A STAR  
LEADETH ALL  
SPEEDETH ALL  
TO THEIR REST



**N**OW that springtime is here again, Legion posts throughout the nation—in fact, throughout the world—will be holding solemn services to commemorate those comrades who gave their lives during the war and those additional thousands of comrades who have gone West since the end of the conflict. Memorial Day, a heritage from our older veteran comrades, will be observed with half-staffed flags, with parades of veterans and their fellow townspeople, with three-volley salutes, with the blowing of Taps and the placing of flowers and flags on the graves of our soldier dead.

That day sends our thoughts winging back over the years. Then, as now, there were military funerals, but when troops were advancing in battle there was no time for the pageantry, solemn though it may be, that we associate with the burials of veterans today. But even then, soldier dead were laid to rest, perhaps in the fields over which they had fought or in the cemeteries of villages where were located the army hospitals, with as tender care as today. Singly, in pairs or at times in large groups, burials were made by comrades who were assigned these sad tasks. Many of the bodies of men who failed to return from the war have long since been brought back to hometown burial grounds, although more than thirty thousand still rest in the American cemeteries in France, Belgium and England.

Let us return to the A. E. F. with Norton H. Pearl, a member of Thirty-



Second Division Post of the Legion, and Principal of Trowbridge School at 651 Forest Avenue, East, in Detroit, Michigan, and learn from him how one Division of the American Army took care of its dead in the field. Legionnaire Pearl speaks:

"On July 30, 1918, the Thirty-Second Division was at Jaulgonne at the bend of the Marne River, east of Château-Thierry. On that day I discovered in the field and woods to the northwest, a large number of our dead, who were lying where they had fallen. What effects of value they had possessed were gone,

The saddest assignment in service. A detail of men of the Thirty-Second Division inter eighteen of their comrades in the soil over which they had fought. Northwest of Juvigny, France, September 4, 1918

although scattered about on the ground were toothbrushes, safety razors, letters from home including pictures, and also unfinished letters for home.

"I took some of these letters to our General Haan and told him what I had



found. While looking over them, a tear or two rolled down his face—and the general was not given to such things. The general decided then to do what he could to improve such conditions and announced he was making me Division Burial Officer—the first in France, I believe—and an order to that effect came through.

"In looking for personal effects I found in some cases there was little or nothing to collect. I felt that a mother would cherish and preserve anything her boy had last used before he died. Upon a suggestion to General Haan, he put through an order to collect any insignia and at least one button from the blouse, to be returned to the family.

"On September 4, 1918, two days after

our relief by the 1st Moroccan Division in the position north of Juvigny, we were out burying our dead. Each outfit that had lost men who were not accounted for, had details out to find and bury the men. Burying the dead was a harder job than fighting. The men of the details were tired, the tools, picked up where they had been thrown away, were worn, the clay ground was dry and baked hard by the August sun. The days were hot. Worst of all, these details were shelled all day, and a few men were killed and several wounded.

"In one detail northwest of Juvigny we had between fifteen and twenty men trying to bury eighteen of their comrades who had been killed in the



Does anyone recognize any of these mademoiselles—casual acquaintances of men of a Casual Detachment attached to the 311th Supply Company? The snapshot was taken near the Aucanne warehouses, Gironde River near Bordeaux, July, 1918



immediate vicinity. A long, shallow trench was dug and in it were laid the bodies of the eighteen Americans, side by side in this temporary resting place. I think this was one of the best burials I saw on this field, where, my records show, were interred 401 Thirty-Second Division men, fifty-five French soldiers, and 117 Germans.

"I am enclosing a picture showing part of the detail that buried these eighteen men of the Thirty-Second Division, and here are the names of the dead: Morris Black, 120th Machine Gun Battalion; of the 125th Infantry, Lyle E. Gould, Headquarters Company; Levi Ostrander and George Distler, Company E; Joe G. Maddox, company not known; of the 126th Infantry, Frank Packer, Company E; Dan C. Kelley and Peter P. Wort, Company F; August W. Harber, Joe Hoskins, Patrick I. Hanlon, Donald Kimmel, Alfred Reinkens (or Alfonso

Reinkens?), Lestee M. Richmond and William H. Sherman, Company G; David D. Miller, Company H, and Bornel Carr, Company I; Fred A. Berkland, outfit not known.

"It occurred to me if this picture and account were used in the Monthly, some of the relatives of the boys who were killed might get some first-hand information from comrades who were with them at the time of their death. Also the men in the burial detail might report, identify themselves and furnish more information."

**Y**OU will remember the famous mademoiselles from Armen-tieres and Bar-le-Duc and certain other towns in France who gained fame through Hinkey-Dinkey Parlez Vous verses? And now and then you may think of the mademoiselles you learned to know in the villages where your outfit may have stopped for a time during its travels through the A. E. F. Perhaps this coming autumn those of you fortunate enough to be members of the pilgrimages to France and Italy, following the Legion National Convention, may look up some of these old-time friends.

Ex-private Claude E. Smith of Hanson Post in Amarillo, Texas, whose address is Route 3, Box 124, comes forward with a surprise for some of the veterans who got to know the port of Bordeaux. Take a squint at the snapshot from Smith that we reproduce and see if you recall some of the mademoiselles in the group. Here is Smith's report covering the picture:

"The enclosed snapshot shows a bunch of casuals and a few local mademoiselles and was taken in July, 1918, near the Aucanne warehouses along the

Gironde River, Bordeaux, France. This photograph represents only a small part of the Casual Detachment that was attached to the 311th Supply Company that was on duty at this place.

"Most of these boys had been on the firing line and were incapacitated for combat service, being transferred to Bordeaux for light duty. The snapshot should be of interest to those veterans in the Then and Now Gang who helped fight the 'Battle of Bordeaux.' They may recognize the mademoiselles who used to hang around this camp and Camp Genicart. Also those few sailors who visited with this bunch while their ships were unloading at Bordeaux may recognize some of these faces and recall this bunch and the camp.

"As well as I can recall, some of those in the snap are: Second from left, Fred Scavone of Brooklyn, New York; fourth from left, Edwin Leiby of Boston, Massachusetts; sixth, O'Brien from either Boston or Philadelphia; sitting in front with the pistol, Gottschalk of New York City. I am the man at the extreme left of the group.

Lieutenants Baldwin and F. O. Denny were in charge of this bunch of casuals for a while. The Sixth Cavalry, Troop B, was also camped there. I would like very much to hear from any

No spreading chestnut tree at Linda Vista, California, where these four husky soldier blacksmiths and farriers worked for the 40th Division in 1917



of the gang who served with this group."

THE horse- and mule-soldiers of the war including artillery, cavalry, ammunition and wagon trains and such like, have had their innings in these columns, but finally we learn something about the soldiers who performed a mighty important job for the mounted troops. Yes, sir, another contingent new to this department has been heard from. Take a look at four of its representatives lined up in the picture we show. From the looks of 'em, probably they would have made good M. P.'s, but they happened to have another job equal or greater in importance. We're sorry space restrictions don't permit us to use the picture of the entire company —they're all powerful guys.

Just what caused these men to be so modest all these years about telling of their part in the war we don't know, but finally the picture and story of the 40th Division Wagon Train at Camp Kearney that Coma Wilson permitted us to use in the March Monthly has smoked out one of the gang. You guessed it—they're blacksmith and horse-shoers, the latter being designated as "farri-



ers" in the Army. Ex-Sergeant S. G. Silar of Anniston (Alabama) Post is the man who produced the picture and this letter:

"I read the story in the March issue about the Wagon Train of the 40th Division and its sleekest mules in the Army. I think I'd have called them the broncos of the Army because I have seen it take nine or ten soldiers to shoe one mule. I had the honor of making a stock that was used to hold some of the wildest ones. Sometimes the wild ones had to be thrown to the ground for shoeing because they would bite, strike with their front feet, kick and do everything to hurt a fellow. On some of them you could hardly put a rope, but after a few shoeings they got more tame, but not all of them. The mean ones had to be put in the stocks.

"After seeing a sign 'Skilled Men Wanted for Active Service in France—1 Blacksmith' over a recruiting office door in San Francisco, I enlisted on June 6, 1917. They told me that within three weeks I would be on my way to France. But in three days, I was notified to proceed to Linda Vista, California, and on arrival I presented myself to Major Brooks, the commanding officer of a battalion of the 21st Infantry. Linda

Vista was then nothing more than a flag stop on the Santa Fe, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of the site of Camp Kearney, which hadn't been built yet.

"That country was very wild then. We drilled with the 21st Infantry. Men got sick and the doctors claimed the place wasn't fit to live in, but it improved a lot later. I wonder if some of the comrades still remember when we used to go out of the tents with a bucket of water and a shovel after tarantulas. One man would pour water into the holes in the ground and the other would sock the tarantula with the shovel when it came out. In Linda Vista, I was doing blacksmithing—sharpening steel and repairing wagons for my Wagon Company, from which I was detached and sent to Jacksonville, Florida, on December 23, 1917, with 27 other sergeants and eight corporals.

"On this trip we had written on the outside of our coach, 'Berlin or Bust,' but we started 'busting' even before we got to Jacksonville. We left one sick sergeant in New Orleans. As for myself, I was assigned to Provisional Field Remount Company No. 3 to be sent to the A. E. F., but the next day a man died of meningitis, our barracks were put under quarantine for sixteen days and during that time my (Continued on page 58)

# SHINNY ON YOUR OWN SIDE

*But There Are Those Who Call It Golf*

By Wallgren



# FIRST to REMEMBER

By  
Ray Hubbs

APPOMATTOX and the assassination of Lincoln were scarcely a twelve-month past when a small town in Egypt, as the southern section of Illinois was and is known, set aside a day for the memory of Union soldiers who had made the supreme sacrifice. That service, in Woodlawn Cemetery at Carbondale, may fairly lay claim to being the forebear of Memorial Day as we know it, for the orator at that 1866 gathering, held on April 29th, was none other than John A. Logan—two years later as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic General Logan issued his famous General Orders, No. 11 designating May 30th as the day on which Grand Army posts should decorate the graves of their deceased comrades.

Four women of Carbondale who marched as little girls behind General Logan in 1869, the year following the most famous of the General Orders, were recently honored by their town. The Sons of The American Legion turned out their national championship drum and bugle corps as a part of the ceremonies. The corps was organized among the sons of members of Donald Forsythe Post of The American Legion at Carbondale, on November 25, 1931.

On that May 30th sixty-eight years ago these four whom the Legion recently honored were part of a group of girls who carried flowers for the soldiers' graves. They listened attentively as Congressman Logan delivered the "oration of the day." "Dedication Day" was what the people who attended the services called it in 1869. The people gathered near the monument already erected in honor of Lieutenant Colonel White of the 31st Illinois Volunteer Infantry. John H.



White had enlisted at Marion on the famous day in September 1861 when John A. Logan made the speech that, some say, saved southern Illinois for the Union. Logan led the regiment, and White was second in command. At Fort Donelson on February 15, 1862, Lieutenant Colonel White was killed in action and Colonel Logan was severely wounded. Seven years later Congressman Logan stood by John H. White's grave to speak of the brave deeds of their comrades. Jacob Cole, who had been chaplain of the 31st through its entire service of nearly four years, offered the prayers of the living in honor of the soldier dead.

These ceremonies were not strange to Woodlawn Cemetery, as we mentioned at the beginning of this article. John A. Logan had been the speaker on that day

Woodlawn Cemetery, Carbondale, Illinois, where memorial services were held in the spring of 1866. Present was John A. Logan, who two years later, as Commander-in-Chief of the G.A.R., issued the famous General Orders, No. 11 that created Memorial Day. The ladies here shown—Mrs. John Amon, Miss Hattie Mayhew, Mrs. George L. Bowyer and Mrs. Jennie Thompson—attended Carbondale's first Official Memorial Day observance in 1869. Mrs. Thompson is mother of a World War soldier

in April 1866, the first Memorial Day. The same veterans and the same townspeople had joined in honoring the soldier dead. A day of remembrance had been set aside in the first springtime of peace.

That day's ceremonies had had their inception a few weeks before at a little country church southwest of Carbondale. Two veterans of the Mississippi campaigns were sitting on the church steps, waiting for the minister to come for the morning service. While they talked of the year just past, a year of peace that had been very precious after the turmoil of battle and the weary marching, they noticed a family group come out of the woods into the churchyard. They recognized a young widow of the neighborhood and her little girls, each carrying a handful of flowers—spring beauties and violets picked along the path. The two former soldiers thought with sorrow of the young man who had marched away so firmly, although his new home and his young wife and their baby daughters were so dear to him. They thought, too, of the shadow of a man who had come home, wracked by war's toll, for a few short weeks before death ordered the final mustering out. They watched the widow and the orphans kneel and arrange the

simple flowers over one of the new graves in the little cemetery. They saw the woman thrust a little flag firmly into the earth, while a breath of wind caught its folds and waved it bravely. Hand in hand, the little party walked slowly away.

Veterans Crowell and Winchester had seen all the horrors of death since their enlistment in the 81st Illinois Infantry during the summer of 1862. But they had to shield their eyes from one another. Ambrose Crowell thought of the nine months of agony he had spent behind the stockade at Andersonville. There had been heroism in that prison, where men starving to death by inches had refused the daily offer of health and liberty obtainable by taking the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy.

Some had come through it all, but should they forget their fellows who had fallen out of the ranks?

Before the two men had put their thoughts into words, the minister arrived. Their voices stumbled and choked as they described what they had seen. Other mounds in that churchyard marked the last resting places of other comrades in the war so hardly won. Should there not be some token of remembrance for them?

The country folk gathered, and the meeting began. The minister retold the

Sexton James Green made some notes about the 1866 Carbondale service on a flyleaf of his Bible. Note the fact that there was "one fight"

story. With one heart they wished to follow the unconscious example of the widow and her daughters. The last Sunday in April was set as the day they would meet. "Easter flowers," as the country people called their jonquils and daffodils, would be in full bloom on that day.

A veteran of the 31st spoke of his captain's grave in the nearby town. Horace L. Bowyer had died of wounds suffered at Shiloh. Could they go to Carbondale from the country churchyard and mark the graves in Woodlawn?

When the townspeople heard of the plan, they wished to join in the tribute. Among the prominent citizens were Colonel Daniel H. Brush, Major John W. Lawrence, and Captain Asgil Conner of the 18th, Captain Isaac Clements of the 9th, and Captain E. J. Ingersoll of the 73d. They talked to the others who had returned to Carbondale after the war.

John A. Logan, who had led many of these men, both living and dead, in the field, was living in Carbondale and trying to re-establish his law practice. The idea appealed to him.

The ministers became interested. The good housewives thought of the people who would drive a slow team to town and be hungry after the ceremony. Carbondale citizens decided they would make it a day to be remembered. Every one wished to honor the neighbors who had marched to battle.

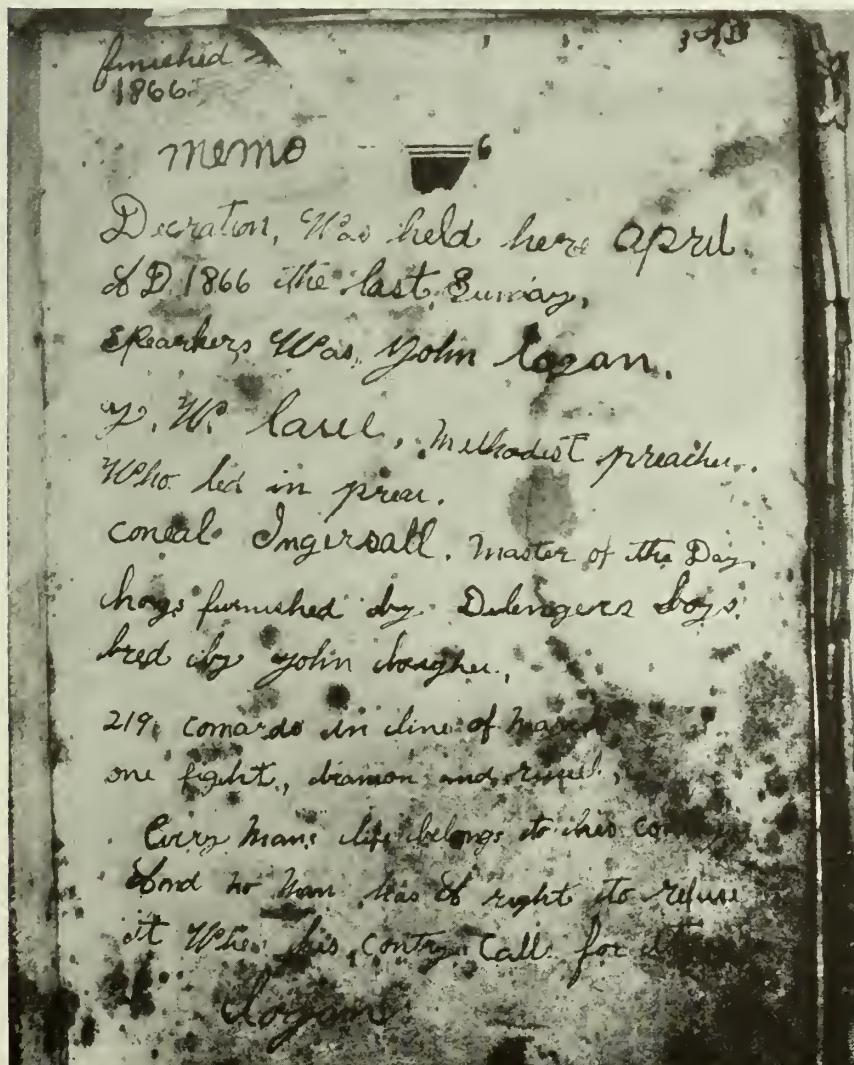
April 29, 1866, was a bright day already touched with summer. Uniforms and campaign hats were brought out and brushed and put on proudly by men who had wished only to forget them a few months before. Wives and children were left to come on alone, while soldiers joined their fellows on the public square. They fell into ranks with the ease of long habit, and marched with the swing and cadence of veterans toward the old Methodist Church on East Jackson Street.

Captain Ingersoll was marshal of the day. He and John A. Logan mounted their horses. With the two leaders riding side by side, the column moved forward in the hush. In the line 219 veterans of the Union armies tramped toward their comrades in the cemetery. The people came walking after.

At Woodlawn Cemetery on east Main street sixteen flour barrels had been stood on end with cross pieces and plank flooring to make a stand. The ministers took their seats upon this platform. There were J. W. Lane of the Carbondale Methodist Church, Mint Phelps, and old Simon Hiller, who had founded the Crab Orchard Christian Church where the idea of this service had been born.

While all the world was hushed in reverence, the roll of the departed was read. The Rev. Mr. Lane clasped his hands and raised his voice in prayer.

The speech of the day was Logan's. His great powers of oratory left him as he looked into the faces of his neighbors and his fellow (Continued on page 48)



# Bursts and Duds



Conducted by Dan Sowers



DR. R. M. GILMORE, Post Service Officer, of Kearney, Nebraska, writes about a district judge who was examining a group of applicants for citizenship. One, who had been a soldier in the Turkish army during the World War, was the first to be questioned.

"Now, Nick," said the judge, "of course you know who is the President of the United States?"

"Yes, judge; Franklin Roosevelt."

"That's right. Now, suppose the President should die," continued the judge, "who would become President?"

"The Vice-President."

"And suppose he should die?" asked the judge.

"The Secretary of State would be President."

"Very good, Nick. Now suppose the Secretary of State also died, then what?"

"Please, judge, just a minute!" said Nick. "Why let 'em all die on me? You've got fifty other men here to ask questions; let somebody die on their time."

AND there's the related one about a man taking an examination for a government job. One of the questions was "What was the quantity of wheat exported from the United States in any stated year?"

After many minutes of study and consideration, the applicant finally wrote:

"In 1492—none."

DEPARTMENT Adjutant Jim Caldwell, of North Carolina, hands us the one about the man who hanged himself to a bed post by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was:

"Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."



MRS. GRANT W. WHEATON, president of the Texas City Auxiliary, is telling a story about a little friend who had a new puppy. Mrs. Wheaton asked the little girl the pup's name.

"Ben Hur," was the reply.

"Ben Hur?" said Mrs. Wheaton. "Isn't that a rather odd name for a dog? Why did you name it that?"

"Well, I wanted to name it after Ben, our yard man," said the little girl, "and then I found out it was a her, so I just named it Ben Hur."

DEPARTMENT Adjutant Ed McGrail, of West Virginia, writes about attending a Legion meeting which was being held in a city hall. The room in which the meeting was held was separated from the city jail by a very thin board partition.

Department Commander Charlie Booth was the headliner on the program. He had delivered an excellent address, and was working up to his climax with an eloquent exhortation on the ideals embraced in the pledge of the Legion constitution's preamble. During a momentary silence following a particularly dramatic sentence, from beyond the thinly partitioned wall came the wail of a woman prisoner crying:

"God have mercy on my soul!"

LEGIONNAIRE Fred Doringer of Fairmont, West Virginia, is telling about listening to some people in a religious argument about baptism. The discussion waxed long and loud. Finally one of the principal debaters turned to a silent member of the group and asked:

"John, do you believe in baptism?"

"Sure I do!" John replied. "I seen it done."



EINAR SORENSEN, former Legion Junior Baseball player, who is now in professional baseball in the South, writes of seeing this sign on a dance hall door in a little Southern town:

"Tickets 25 cts. No gemmen admitted unless he comes himself."

TWO powerful stevedores were engaged in unloading a boat at Brest.

They fell out about something, and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever they passed each other.

"You jest keep on pesterin' 'round wid me," one said, "and de first thing you know you gwine be able to settle a powerful big question foh de sciumtific folks!"

"What am dat question?"

"Kin de dead speak?"

A MAN attending a revival meeting was urged to repent his sins. He wavered for a time, but finally said:

"Friends, I want to repent and tell you how bad I have been, but I dare not do it when the grand jury is in session."

"The Lord will forgive!" shouted the evangelist.

"Maybe so, but He ain't on that grand jury."



ACCORDING to Dr. G. T. Gregory, Indianapolis, the man was trying to teach his nervous little wife to drive a car. They were out on a narrow country road, and the wife had been at the wheel for only a short time when she exclaimed:

"Take the wheel, Steve! Here comes a tree!"

ARDEN SKIDMORE of the Morgantown (West Virginia) *Dominion News* gives us the yarn about an old man who was making his first visit to an army post. He watched two sentries passing and repassing each other in silence.

After several minutes he stepped up to them as they were passing and said:

"Come now, boys, why not make up and be friends?"

JIM SHUTTS, of the Youngstown (Ohio) *Vindicator*, passes along the one about a boy and girl who had been very much in love. Then they had a bitter quarrel and parted. Years went by before they saw each other again. Then they met at a reception.

"Why, Jane!" the man said. "What a pleasant surprise!"

"Let me see," said the woman coldly, "was it you or your brother who was once an admirer of mine?"

"I really don't remember," replied the man. "Probably it was my father."

LITTLE Freddie's mother was in the hospital, and he was paying a visit to see his new brother. He wandered into an adjoining room which was occupied by a woman with a broken leg.

"Hello," he said. "How long have you been here?"

"Oh, about a month?"

"Let me see your baby," he then asked.

"Why, I haven't a baby," the woman replied.

"Gee, you're slow," said Freddie. "My mama's been here just two days and she's got one."



THE law suit was a bitter one. The lawyers were getting personal with each other. Finally they came to blows and one knocked the other down, exclaiming: "You scoundrel! I'll teach you to behave like a gentleman."

The other, regaining his feet, indignantly shouted: "Never! I defy you! I defy you! You can't do it!"

# The Green Check

(Continued from page 21)

cies grew. By now the Commission was the biggest realtor in the State, trying to sell or rent 1,858 houses and farms. We had more than \$4,000,000 sunk in this property with real estate prices at a new low. Worse (differing from the California plan, where title remains vested in the State so no taxes are paid) as soon as we reclaimed property we had to pay back taxes. Usually the houses had suffered from neglect, and we had to spend \$200,000 making them habitable. Money had to be spent for advertising, brokers' commissions and increasing our personnel. The people of Oregon had been generously silent, but this money had to be raised by a millage tax when every penny was sweat-stained. Yet the delinquency total approached a million dollars.

What caused me real concern, however, was that this increasing delinquency indicated that we probably shortly would come into possession of another two thousand parcels of property. Hopeless owing of money can bring a man quickly to despair. When he pays all that is humanly possible and still sees the debt mountain just as terrific, his morale gives way; he wants to get out from under and forget. That was the way with Tony Gitano. And if this defeatism spirit kept growing then the experiment of loaning the state credit to put a veteran in a house or on a farm was a failure.

Even with the country's business definitely on the mend the situation did not lighten. Many a man said to me, "If I could get square and start even I could swing her, but that back debt is eating me up."

Then, in 1936, the Adjusted Compensation Bill was made a law. I won't repeat here all the arguments made against payment, one of which was that the veteran would spend his money like a drunken idiot. I just say that we of the Commission took a deep breath, part of suspense, part of relief. I wondered and so did the members whether the veteran would recklessly spend his money or try to pay his debts. I requested our Portland office to keep a record of the veterans who definitely said they were using their adjusted compensation money to apply on their debt.

I'll never forget the day Tony Gitano came rushing in waving that pale green check.

"By golly!" he screamed, tears of joy wetting his face. "By golly, I pay. I keep my house, by damn! I no geeve her up now!"

He wanted to endorse the check to me forthwith, but already we had found it was not so simple as that. Hundreds of veterans like Tony owed back taxes, owed for repairs on their houses, owed doctors' bills, were

(Continued on page 40)



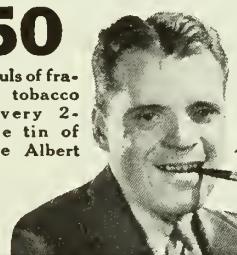
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

## IF NOT DELIGHTED GET MONEY BACK

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



BEEN NEGLECTING YOUR PIPE LATELY? WITH MILD, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT YOU'LL WANT TO SMOKE IT MORE OFTEN!



ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS TOO GO FOR P.A.'S MILDNESS AND GRAND TASTE

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# *The Green Check*

(Continued from page 39)

delinquent on the second mortgage. The money had to be distributed equally to Tony's best interests.

So besides being real estate operators we also became guardhouse lawyers.

Tony had \$368.50 coming. But he owed the State Aid Commission \$360; he owed \$315 in back taxes about which the tax office was getting impatient and in a foreclosing mood. Finally, we applied \$185 of Tony's money on his debt to the Commission, paid his taxes for 1935 and 1936 and for the most delinquent year (which by statute enabled him to avoid paying interest on the tax money he owed). This came to \$376.27—or \$7.77 more than his adjusted compensation check. He paid the balance out of his pocket.

What a difference to Tony then! Most of the back burden lifted, he has paid promptly every month (and one month double the regular amount). Under a new plan his delinquent sum will be divided by twelve, added to his monthly payment so that within a short time after this sees print Tony will be current.

Tony was not alone in laying his entire

check on the line. Nothing gives me so much pride as to say that ninety-five percent of the delinquents came into our office within ninety days after the adjusted compensation bonds were mailed, and used all or part of their money to pay off their debts. Checks for \$500, \$600, \$800, yes and many for \$900 or \$1,000 were endorsed and our help sought to make this apply where it would do the most good. Collections ran \$2,444,191.48 for 1936. The total of delinquency dropped to \$671,254.49. Re-possessions by deed or foreclosure practically ceased.

Resales of state-owned property to veterans help to swell our total for 1936 to \$1,099,681.44, an all-time high and an amount \$200,000 greater than all sales for the five years preceding.

Was that adjusted compensation check needed? Was the money well spent? I say positively that but for the payment of the adjusted compensation the Oregon World War Veterans' State Aid Commission might have eventually re-possessed another 1,200 or 1,500 parcels of property. I know that but for that money many men would have been licked, not by

monthly payments, but by the heavy burden of back debt.

Not only did those pale green checks mean that they could remain hopefully in their houses and farms—it meant to us in Oregon that the experiment of loaning the state's credit was a success. The men who had weathered the last storm by means of the green check and their own hard work will not lose out when a new sun has risen.

Has the experiment been the stabilizing influence that we hoped for? The answer, I know, is yes. For years the department membership in The American Legion remained around 10,000 while the total number of loans made from the Commission was 10,994. While recently our membership hit an all-time high of 12,500, prior to 1936 the annual turnover was small. These men have a stake in the community, the State, and the nation. The record of community service which the Oregon Department of the Legion has established is due largely to the efforts of these men who can stand on their land and look proudly and say, "This is mine. I belong."

# *Sailing Orders for the 3d A.E.F.*

(Continued from page 11)

But at any rate, when the first announcement was made that the cordial invitations of France and Italy had been accepted by the National Executive Committee and that a 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee had been set up to care for the details of organization, the response was immediate. It was not localized. Inquiries came from every part of the country. The first published announcement brought more than 7,000 requests for information, and direct reservations; one mail delivery alone brought a total of 1,080 letters. This response is a clear indication that the 10,000 reservations available will be taken very quickly, and further that members of the Second A. E. F., profiting by their experience of ten years ago, are signing up early in order to get choice of accommodations offered.

The purpose of this article is not so much to propagandize and to whip up interest in the movement. The general and widespread interest has been fully demonstrated. It is, then, to inform those who respond at the first announcement of the development of plans, and to advise others of what the men, women and children who make up the Third A. E. F. may expect from the time they leave the port of New York until their return.

The 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee does insist that those who think of taking advantage of the opportunity make up their minds without delay. There are at least two good reasons for urging quick decisions: First, the reservations are limited to 10,000 for the very obvious reasons of space available and limitation of appropriation made for the entertainment of American guests, and, second, early registrants will have pick and choice of the accommodations offered by more than a score of ocean liners. There will be no favorites; the rule of first come, first served will be observed in all the booking offices. First comers will have first choice, late comers will be compelled to take what is left.

One of the questions that comes up oftenest is that asking about the kind and character of steamship accommodations, and the length of time one may remain in Europe and still have advantage of the reduced rate tickets. The steamship lines that compose the Trans-Atlantic Passenger Conference have cooperated by making a special reduced round-trip rate to all European countries on all ships sailing east between September 20 and October 9, 1937, inclusive. Reservation may be made on one line going over and another line for the return trip, landing in France and

returning from Italy or landing in an Italian port and returning through a French or other port. The return tickets may be used at any time during what is known as the "off-season period" within two years after the eastbound sailing date.

The pilgrims will be carried on the finest liners in the service of the United States Lines, French Line, Italian Line, Cunard-White Star, Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd, Red Star Line, Holland-America Line, and Arnold Bernstein Line, including such ships as the *Queen Mary*, *Normandie*, *Washington*, *Rex*, and nearly a score of others. The rates vary, of course, with the type of passage selected, ship and stateroom, but on the express or luxury type liners the round trip ticket will cost on an average: Third class, \$139; tourist class, \$188; first class, \$276. For the further information of prospective pilgrims, and to eliminate a lot of correspondence, an analysis of the steamship movement is published on page fifty-three of this issue of the Monthly, showing ship, passage charge, date of sailing, date and port of arrival, and regular return sailing dates. The greatest possible latitude is offered in the selection of ships and sailing dates, with return voyage to be determined by the convenience of the individual. It is

not intended to be a mass movement in either direction.

The next question to rank high in the frequency of being asked is: Just how do I set about making a reservation? In order to make this very necessary preliminary just as convenient as buying a railroad ticket to the next town, the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee has designated the American Express Company as Official Legion Transportation Agents and reservations may be secured through anyone of their hundreds of offices located in all parts of the country. However, all reservations will clear through the offices of The American Legion Foreign Pilgrimage Committee, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, where James P. Ringley, Past Department Commander of Illinois, will be in charge as transportation director.

The first step in obtaining a reservation is to fill out the application form, which will be furnished from the Chicago office or can be secured from the branches of the American Express Company. As a limitation has been placed upon those eligible to take advantage of the reduced rates and concessions, each application will be checked to determine whether or not it falls within the permitted class. The pilgrimage rates are available to members of The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary, Sons of The American Legion, and dependent members of their immediate

families, and also include widows of deceased members of The American Legion. After this check has been made the applicant is notified that the space applied for is or is not available. Upon acceptance of the space offered a deposit of \$25 for cabin or tourist class, or of \$10 for third class must be made to bind the reservation. The balance must be paid one month before the sailing date, and no tickets will be issued by the American Express Company until the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee has issued a certificate showing that the applicant is duly qualified. The complete cost of the trip, so far as any obligation is laid upon the Pilgrimage Committee, must be met before embarking. This rule also applies to the registration fee of \$5, which should be paid in at the time the deposit is made on the steamship reservation.

Travel abroad will be made easy by the elimination of passport and visa charges, part of which will be cared for in the registration fee. Arrangements have been entered into with the State Department of the United States for the issuance of a special American Legion Certificate of Identification, which will serve to all intents and purposes as a passport and will be recognized as such by the officials of European countries. This certificate will be very similar to that issued in 1927, when, by calling it a passport, some misunderstandings arose. The \$5 fee

will also include payment of an insurance policy against sickness and accident in the sum of \$250, a recognition badge and program. This fee is the same as charged in 1927, and will cover practically the same items of necessary expense.

Remember, the sailing dates are between September 20th and October 9th, eastbound, with most of the ships leaving New York immediately after the National Convention. What could be more restful than a week at sea after attending the great national gathering, and more alluring than the certainty of the warmth of welcome that awaits at the end of the voyage?

France and Italy are making elaborate preparations to receive their guests and the type of entertainment will be on a scale never before accorded a group of veterans from another land. According to plans that have been made public, representatives of the government of France will meet all ships at the ports of Havre or Cherbourg, and will have trains waiting to transport the American visitors directly to Paris. There for six days these visitors will be the guests of the Republic of France, two of these days in the City of Paris and four in travel over the battlefields and to other points of interest. One day in Paris will be given over to a reception by the city and to a parade and review down the Champs Elysées to the Court of the

(Continued on page 42)



WAR DECLARED ON UNSAFE TIRES

War Dispatch By  
EDDIE RICKENBACKER  
Ace of War Aces

FROM my "reserved seat" in the sky amid the thunder of anti-aircraft guns, I have seen our boys mowed down on shell-torn battle fields like blades of grass. Yes, I thought that in those hectic years of strife the loss of American life had reached an all-time high.

But I was wrong. In 1936 nearly 38,000 American motorists were killed in accidents. Included in this appalling total are thousands of motorists who are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control—thousands upon thousands of car owners who do not seem to realize that one great factor in safe motoring is *safe* tires.

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

Goodrich has mobilized an army of

36,000 Goodrich dealers whose main objective is to replace unsafe, tread-worn tires with new, safe, full-treaded tires—tires that provide motorists with real protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Their ammunition is the Goodrich Safety Silvertown—the only tire built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated inside all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply prevents the great, unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.



Keep off the 1937 casualty list. Join the "safety first" army by starting to ride on Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns today. Remember, these life-saving tires that also give you months of extra trouble-free mileage actually cost much less than other super-quality tires.



**Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**  
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

# Sailing Orders for the 3d A.E.F.

(Continued from page 41)

Invalides. All members of the party will be invited to be the guests of the great Paris International Exposition, the main building of which stands on the site of the Trocadero, in which the 1927 National Convention was held.

During these six days the cost of all hotel accommodations, meals and transportation charges will be met from a government appropriation set apart for that purpose. At the expiration of the six-day period, the pilgrims may return to the homeland or they may make the Grand Tour, enjoying concessions in transportation and hotel rates granted but seldom. In France the reduction in rail fares amounts to fifty percent on single fares, and sixty percent when groups of ten or more travel together.

The dates for the official reception by the City of Paris and the parade down the most historic streets of that city have not as yet been officially settled upon. The Foreign Pilgrimage Committee has suggested that these dates be fixed to fall between the 1st and 15th of October, in order to give opportunity to members of the party who desire to go first to Italy to complete their visit in that country and arrive in France in time to enjoy the official functions.

At the time this is being written plans for the entertainment of the Legionnaires and their party have not been fully

completed by the government of Italy. However, assurances have been given of a most cordial welcome and a full meed of the hospitality of our Italian allies by officials and by our former comrades in arms. Announcement has been made of arrangement with the railroad lines for reduction in train fares amounting to seventy percent of the full fare, and for a thirty percent reduction in hotel rates. In addition to these concessions, the government has offered a very favorable rate of exchange which will give the visitors a lira value of about fifteen percent over the normal rate.

Italy awaits the visit of the American soldiers of 1917 to 1919, many of whom served with the Italian armies during the war period. The glories of ancient Rome will be unfolded to thousands who have long dreamed of seeing Italy; a visit to the Vatican, receptions by high government officials, and other entertainments of an official or semi-official nature. Naples, the port of entry of most of those who go directly to Italy, and other cities will offer an equally warm welcome.

Another question that arises from time to time can be cleared up right here. This pilgrimage, though made on the official invitation of France and Italy, is not entirely confined to the two countries, and may be extended to cover any other country in Europe without loss of rights

under the agreement with the Trans-Atlantic Passenger Conference. But it must be explained that in some countries from which no official invitation has been received by the National Organization of The American Legion, the visitors will be expected to and must pay the regular rates for transportation, meals, hotel and other necessary expenses. In other words, members of the party who elect to travel in countries other than those which have extended an invitation, will go on their own. Many of the liners in the flotilla which will carry the members of the Third A. E. F. will use ports other than those in France and Italy.

In 1927 France liked the former American soldier's smile, liked seeing a big boy grown up and come to Paris for a holiday and a handshake. The big boy made considerable racket, much as he did when he was ten years younger, and he was a bit irreverent about war; yet his grin was warming. France liked him; his manner of parading, his viewpoint on life as a whole—these were piquant and sprightly. Now not only France, but Italy as well, has joined in an invitation to him to come again and to revisit the scene of his life's high adventure. He's going back again and France and Italy will be glad to have him.

See forms on pages 53 and 63.

## What Price One Bad Boy?

(Continued from page 9)

fun or companionship, a gang of tough street boys.

Repeated truancy from school brings Willy into a court without probation facilities at the age of twelve. The judge sends him to an institution for juvenile delinquents, where he makes friends with older boys well along on the road to crime. There is no trade instruction, and when Willy returns to his home he finds his stepfather out of a job, school impossible because of the taunts of his fellows, and the gang ready to welcome him as a hero.

Willy and the gang set out to get the money they need by breaking a window, rifling a cash drawer and bungling the job so that Willy is captured by the police. Another commitment to an institution, another discharge, a second store robbed, recommitment, discharge, a third burglary, this time prison, and after the third discharge another theft, the fourth offense and conviction, leading to prison for life.

At the age of twelve Willy was not a "bad" boy. As a full-fledged graduate of our penal institutions he is today a confirmed criminal.

In dollars and cents the treatment that Willy received has cost the tax payers something like this—(and cost of apprehension, detention, prison building costs and upkeep, interest on investment and society's loss of Willy as a wage earner are not included):

1. Institution for juvenile delinquents: Three commitments totaling 3 years, 2½ months. (\$35 per month, maintenance only).....	\$ 1,356
2. County jail (maintenance only): Three commitments totaling 1 year, 7 months and 5 days (\$30 per month).....	575
3. Prison (maintenance only): Two sentences, 2½ years, at \$402 per year.....	1,005
Life (estimated at 40 years).....	16,080
4. Other expenses: Three juvenile hearings estimated at \$50 each.....	150
Four criminal prosecutions at an average of \$200 each.....	800
TOTAL.....	\$19,966

If Willy on his first offense had been

put under a wise probation officer he might now be an asset to his community rather than a costly liability.

Recently the problem of preventing delinquency is being effectively approached through the growing co-ordinating council movement sponsored by the National Probation Association. These councils, organized on a city-wide basis, seek to bring together representatives of public agencies, civic and social welfare groups and interested citizens. They work on the theory that while probation and parole are good and necessary and should be developed and improved, an earlier, more economical attack can be made before delinquency appears.

In Seattle, Washington, The American Legion, through its Child Welfare Committee, has taken the initiative to bring together these common forces for public good. Department Commander Claude C. Snider of Vancouver, Washington, and L. A. Williams of Seattle, Chairman of the Department Child Welfare Committee, were the moving spirits in the movement now successfully established

in the State of Washington. Several years ago Bill Williams, as he is affectionately known, attended with others of his committee the Legion Area Conference in Los Angeles. There they heard for the first time of the work of the co-ordinating councils. Back in Seattle they persuaded Judge William G. Long of the juvenile court to visit Los Angeles and observe the work of the councils. Judge Long and the Legion between them urged similar councils for King County, where six are now in existence. Last year Judge Long added a full time paid worker to his probation staff to organize these community groups.

The American Legion was also largely responsible for legislation establishing in the State of Washington a Public Welfare Department which includes a Child Welfare Division. Mrs. Helen C. Swift, formerly in charge of the extensive Legion Child Welfare Work in Washington, was appointed supervisor of the Child Welfare Division of the new Department.

It is increasingly evident that leaders in the Legion's work with wayward boys and girls are thinking along lines of preventive as well as curative measures. Legion posts have done and are doing splendid work for the children of veterans when they come before the courts or are sent to state institutions. Notable work of this type is being done in West Virginia through the Legion Auxiliary's Industrial Home Project at Salem.

I like to think that the way the Legion handled Bobby's case is typical of the sort of thing they are doing all over the country. Bobby is a twelve-year-old who couldn't keep out of trouble. Unmanageable, they called him. He stole little things and he played hookey from school. His father, a World War veteran, died of a service-connected disability, and while his mother received government compensation, this was pretty small and she had to work to supplement her income. Bobby is one of three children and they all ran wild most of the time.

Not very long ago the judge sentenced Bobby to a reform school. Soon after he arrived, the attention of the Legion in that State was called to the boy. Members of the Child Welfare Committee investigated and decided that the reform school was no place for Bobby. Instead, he ought to be in a good boarding school under careful supervision and discipline.

The National Child Welfare Division of the Legion stepped in at this point and agreed to pay for Bobby's maintenance at such a school. The judge agreed to send him there. For the past two years he has been a student and his progress is markedly good. The Government has increased the mother's compensation and she is now paying for Bob's tuition. A late report declares that the boy shows every promise of developing into a useful citizen. The same report states that "it is difficult to say what might have happened to him if he (Continued on page 44)



*will tell you it's better*

#### FIVE REASONS WHY YOU'LL LIKE VELVET

1. *Fine old Kentucky Burley aged-in-wood.*
2. *Flavored with pure maple sugar for extra good taste.*
3. *An altogether different fragrance.*
4. *Cut to pack easy in a pipe — cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.*
5. *Every tin contains 2 full ounces.*

There's an altogether different fragrance to Velvet . . . the milder, sweeter aroma of sun-ripened Kentucky Burley...eured and aged the right way for good smoking.

And another thing . . . a dash of pure maple sugar adds just the right flavor for extra good taste. For a new smoking enjoyment . . . try Velvet.

**Velvet**  
*better*  
*smoking tobacco*

*for pipe  
or cigarette*

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# *What Price One Bad Boy?*

(Continued from page 43)

had been kept in the reform school."

The trend of Legion thought runs at present, however, more toward activities which will keep delinquent youths out of institutions. The Legion's Child Welfare Committee has recently set up a sub-committee on juvenile delinquency prevention with Milt D. Campbell of Cincinnati as chairman. This committee is proceeding cautiously and wisely to study the field and offer suggestions for a program approved by National Headquarters which they hope to release shortly to the Departments of the Legion.

Because we have found that in many of our juvenile courts probation officers are

incompetent and untrained, it has been the chief purpose of the National Probation Association for many years to raise standards throughout the country. In some States we find good investigators but too often they are overworked and underpaid. It is not at all uncommon for a probation officer to have from 150 or more delinquents to visit, supervise and help. About 50 cases is all that one officer can handle at one time. With more than that he must spread his influence too thin. Here is a concrete place where the Legion can accomplish immeasurable good.

In 1933 in Indiana the Legion joined with the National Probation Association

and other organizations in urging legislation to establish a state probation commission. Through the active co-operation of a prominent Legionnaire, Governor Paul V. McNutt, the legislation was enacted. The commission was empowered to set up standards for probation officers. Governor McNutt appointed as one of the first members of the commission Miss Emma C. Puschner, Director of the Legion's Child Welfare Division. The commission, which was unpaid and non-political, appointed a competent director who has done able work in advancing the standards of probation and juvenile court work in the State.

## *They Helped Lindbergh*

(Continued from page 13)

broke the seal on a package of unexposed plates, and intercepted Lindbergh with the words, "Chicago Tribune messenger? Get going." In his innocence of the bitterness of newspaper rivalry, Lindbergh did not ask for any positive identification from the man handing him the package of plates. Hurrying to his plane he took off for Chicago. At Maywood Field there, almost four hours away, a police motorcycle escort awaited to speed the flying messenger through traffic. Straight to the anxious dark room crew of the *Tribune* Lindbergh bore his plates. Then he sat down to wait, conscious of a job well done.

But something was wrong. Excited and vivid profanity suddenly echoed from the developing room. Of course the plates showed blank. It was an angry and bewildered young pilot, burning with a righteous sense of injustice, who flew back to St. Louis. The *Tribune* at first refused to pay the bill submitted. Finally a settlement was made with Lindbergh's employer. But it was a bitter pill to swallow for all concerned. Allowing for exasperation common to all public personages as news photographers incessantly plead for "just one more shot," I think the experience here related for the first time is a partial explanation at least for Lindbergh's frequent subsequent troubles with newspaper cameramen.

To get back to the subject of the financing of *The Spirit of St. Louis*, it was after his second forced jump from a mail plane—the fourth parachute jump in his career—that Lindbergh decided to attempt the New York-Paris hop. The Orteig prize had been originally posted back in 1919, but in the seven years that had elapsed there had been little progress in airplane and motor design justify-

ing the attempt, chiefly because war-surplus airplanes and motors had been a drug on the market even at junk rates.

Nonetheless in 1926 there was revived talk of flights being organized to capture the Orteig prize. In Paris plans of Captains Nungesser and Coli were being discussed. In America preliminary discussions of three other flights were being held. Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd's trans-Atlantic plans had another naval rival in Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis, who proposed to fly a plane christened *The American Legion* as an advance herald of the "Second A. E. F." the 1927 National Convention of The American Legion in Paris. Then there was the single-engined Bellanca entry which eventually was to fly the Atlantic with Clarence Chamberlin at the controls and Charles Levine as passenger.

"I found that there were a number of public-spirited men in St. Louis sufficiently interested in aviation to finance such a project . . ." Colonel Lindbergh has written in his famous autobiography, "We."

As an example of understatement so far as the vital preliminary of financing was concerned that sentence will stand high, with all due credit to the majority of men who eventually contributed to make the project possible.

His Paris flight idea originated with Lindbergh himself; on that point there is not the slightest question. After his modest proposition to Thompson had failed to bear fruit, Lindbergh discussed the project in detail with Major William B. Robertson, his air mail boss. I only know part of the advice Bill Robertson gave him. Robertson did not put up any money at the time and I suspect it was Bill who suggested that Lindbergh

establish his own good faith by putting up his own money before he approached others.

Despite the modest base pay of mail pilots in those days, flying over terrain which paid the lowest mileage rate of all, plus the fact that National Guard officers often were obliged to contribute their pay-checks to keep the ancient crates of the squadron in flying condition, Lindbergh had saved two thousand dollars, some of it representing money earned in barnstorming in the summer and early fall of 1925.

That he offered to put up that sum representing his life's savings as evidence of confidence in the success of the project unquestionably commanded serious attention when, acting on the advice of Robertson, he next approached two new prospective backers. Had he asked again that the flight be financed wholly as a civic undertaking, had the plan once more been advanced as an idea pure and simple, however modest his own request for personal reward, lacking that confidence supported by his own money, it may be seriously questioned whether there ever would have been a *Spirit of St. Louis* airplane. The fact stands out that by reason of his willingness to first contribute his own last dollar as an evidence of faith, Slim Lindbergh in reality constituted the backbone of the complete financing of his flight.

Now by virtue of having been a resident of St. Louis for many years I think I know its character as well as anyone, and that civic spirit partakes of the stolidity of the German element which has predominated through many generations. Its business men are not easy to "sell an idea." Once it is committed to a project, however, it will see it through to the end, bitter or sweet.

Lindbergh won himself two effective champions on his next calls. One was a lanky, youthful Amherst graduate with go-getting qualities not usually associated with the St. Louis civic temperament, Harold M. (Steamer) Bixby. Then president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, Bixby saw in an airplane capable of making the flight from New York to Paris a symbol of what he wished to accomplish in a commercial-industrial reawakening of the staid city by the banks of Old Man River.

Despite its basic conservatism, from pioneer days of flying St. Louis had been the scene of many historic aerial exploits, free balloon races, dirigible airships at the St. Louis World's Fair, airplane exhibitions when airplanes were little more than box-kites. Representative of that aeronautic interest of the city was a young man only a few years Lindbergh's senior, Harry Hall Knight, president of the St. Louis Flying Club. He had become acquainted with Lindbergh at Lambert Field and by virtue of repeated demonstrations by the tall youth as a pilot of skill far above the average, he had complete confidence in Lindbergh's judgment of what a modern airplane might do.

But for those two unconquerable enthusiasts, despite Lindbergh's offer to spend his own last dollar on the enterprise, it may be questioned whether the project would have got anywhere. For the truth is that Thompson remained skeptical in the sense of subscribing money for the time being, and even such a veteran figure in aeronautics as Major Albert Bond Lambert, pioneer balloon and airplane pilot, who recruited and trained scores of young men for service in observation balloons during the World War, at first was also dubious. That is

explainable because you will find the greatest conservatism to new aviation ideas among old-timers who do not keep abreast of the rapid progress of flying, as they judge new ideas by their own past experiences. In aeronautics that viewpoint is a constant handicap.

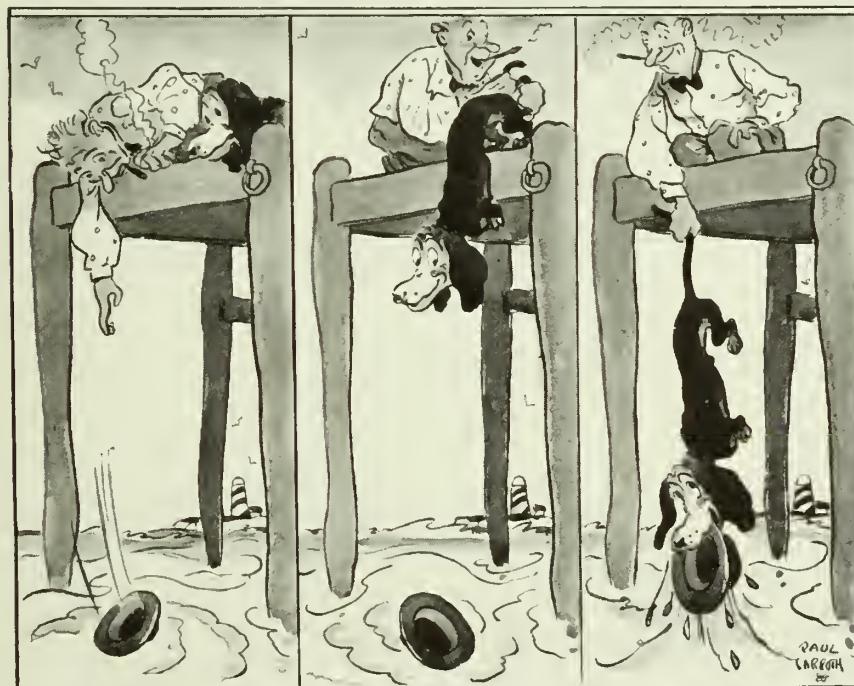
To be brief, unable to enlist the immediate support of any others, Knight and Bixby together visited the State National Bank, where, on their personal security, they borrowed \$15,000, turning a cashier's check for that amount over to Lindbergh.

In December Lindbergh made a trip to New York to select his equipment. There was no question of the choice of motor and instruments. His good judgment in choosing a monoplane is today evidenced by the almost universal popularity of that type as opposed to the biplane, which in 1926 was almost standard in use.

The Eastern manufacturer Lindbergh approached as his first choice to build a trans-Atlantic plane, despite ready cash, would only accept the order if the manufacturer himself was given the choice of a navigator. Lindbergh's name and capabilities were unknown in the East at the time. As Lindbergh was determined to fly solo, with supreme self-confidence in his navigating ability, the condition was unacceptable. He at once communicated with B. F. Mahoney, head of the Ryan airplane company in San Diego, and the deal was arranged.

It is important to emphasize that once they had put up the money to enable work to start on the plane Bixby and Knight left all decisions to Lindbergh. He was not troubled by "helpful" suggestions. The job of Knight and Bixby was to line up additional backers. During the two (Continued on page 46)

### FRITZ



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# *They Helped Lindbergh*

(Continued from page 45)

months the plane was being built and tested at San Diego, Lindbergh stayed close to his job out there while Knight and Bixby stuck to their campaign to have other St. Louisans put up their cash in justification of the name the plane was to bear.

Support came from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* after other St. Louis papers had definitely refused to get behind such a harum-scarum scheme. Joseph McAuliffe, managing editor of that newspaper, was the first news executive to listen sympathetically to the plan. As intermediary between the two eager promoters and E. Lansing Ray, editor of the paper, Mr. McAuliffe "sold" the idea to the extent of \$5000. With Lindbergh's two thousand dollars the financing actually was more than half-completed. Others who joined Bixby and Harold Hall Knight were Thompson, Harry F. Knight, Albert Bond Lambert, J. D. Wooster Lambert and Major Robertson. The total of St. Louisans was eight.

A surprise was in store for the backers soon, a pleasant surprise. From San Diego where the plane was nearing completion, Lindbergh returned to his supporters two thousand dollars of the sum entrusted to him. As that amount represented Lindbergh's own exact investment in the enterprise some persons might have felt that the saving below estimates honestly represented a fair credit to their own account for initiating the project and application to the job in hand. Not Charles A. Lindbergh. He wanted only the opportunity to fulfill his dream. Thus the total investment of his St. Louis backers stood at \$11,000—\$13,000 less the two thousand Lindbergh had subscribed himself.

One of his backers was very nervous when word was received at St. Louis that Lindbergh had taken off from San Diego at night for the first leg of his flight eastward. The language in which the backer expressed his concern was:

"There goes our airplane! Why couldn't that Swede have waited for day-

light where he would have a chance to get down safely if something goes wrong." Lindbergh had a good and logical reason for flying in darkness all the way from San Diego to St. Louis, when he arrived. He explained he had chosen those conditions to test his ability as a navigator. Had there been good visibility he would have been tempted to constantly check his course by landmarks. In darkness he was forced to fly entirely by instrument, which general condition would confront him over the ocean from the Canadian shore to his first European landmark. There is no question that Lindbergh gained confidence in his instruments and navigating ability by that experience.

An additional \$500 was advanced by Harry Hall Knight just before Lindbergh took off from New York. Lindbergh's personal finances were reported to be in bad shape, although the young pilot never even hinted at that fact himself. A mutual friend advised Knight. The extra five hundred dollars was to ease any immediate strain and provide return boat fare. Thus the total investment in the historic flight stood at \$13,500.

The rest is history.

E. Lansing Ray has summarized the results in a recent letter to me. He wrote:

"The flight of Lindbergh to Paris in 1927 was one of the most far-reaching events in the history of transportation development. It was not so much that it was an unprecedented and highly dramatic achievement that thrilled the world, as that it gave to aviation a compelling impetus by arousing an enthusiastic public interest in the art, stimulating capital and invention as nothing else could have done to contribute to its progress. The vast consequences of the flight were not, and could not have been, foreseen by Lindbergh or those who helped him to make it, but in retrospect they can be clearly traced and the source of their inspiration plainly discerned."

As Mr. Ray makes point, the thrilling

drama of that flight, and the modesty of the youth who made it, combined to create a phenomenon of American enthusiasm which opened new public vistas of flying progress resulting in such an outpouring of capital, that truthfully there were not enough meritorious projects in hand to put the rolling millions at once to work. Indeed, it is history that so eager to buy stock in the reborn art were some people that feverishly they competed to buy even Seaboard Air Line stock—that's a railroad—in the belief they were supporting an aviation venture.

Despite the unavoidable waste, comparable to a starving horde suddenly glutted with money, that outpouring of capital is represented today, in America and throughout the world, in airlines criss-crossing continents and oceans on regular schedule, airliners in which passengers may retire to quiet sleep in the equivalent of a Pullman section, or dine with silver and fine linen, as skies are cleft at 200 miles an hour—

In giant bombers capable of crossing the Atlantic at 250 miles an hour—

In 300-mile-an-hour pursuit planes—

In a score of safety devices undreamed of ten years ago—radio beams, two-way radio communication between pilot and dispatcher, blind landing systems, expert and instantaneous weather reporting services, engines representing six times the horsepower in Lindbergh's Wright Whirlwind J-5—

In scores of daily passenger schedules spanning the continent in half a day, in five-day crossings of the Pacific, in three-week flying schedules to circumnavigate the world.

The real power behind all of those breath-taking advances is money. The germ of that progress clearly goes back to the modest sum of \$11,500 put up by a small group of St. Louisans (and of course all refused repayment)—but principally it was Charles Augustus Lindbergh's own two thousand dollars that constituted the magic key opening the public treasure trove that made possible modern aeronautic progress.

## *Be Your Own Commodore*

(Continued from page 23)

boats over the other classes. I happen to be a Star boat sailor, hence this is the class I know most about.

With boats built to identical specifications, and with only small variations permitted from the approved design, winning a race depends upon the skill of the skipper and his crew. Theoretically, any two Star

boats or Snipes, or Comets, have identical speed capacity. Actually, the differences are very slight indeed. Two pieces of evidence come to my mind. In any number of Star boat championship races, the order in which the boats cross the starting line is the order in which they finish—mind you, all of the skippers in

such a race have qualified for fast company. Again, in small club races such as we have on Sunday mornings at Vermilion, with a wide disparity of experience among the skippers, it frequently happens that the boats finish in the exact order of the experience of their captains. Many is the race in which each man

might say of the fellow astern, "He started sailing the year after I did."

Sailing puts its devotee into a proper relationship with Nature. When you go out in a sailboat, you are aware from the beginning of the trip until you tie up at your mooring that not you, but Nature—the winds and waters, and especially the winds—must be accorded first place in importance. If there is need for us to sail over to Put-in-Bay, and the wind is right, we can sail straight there with never a change of direction while we are in the open waters of Lake Erie. But let that wind shift into the next quarter; now we have to tack, which is seagoing language for zigzag, and even though we sail as fast as before, it takes us half again as long to get there. And now once more the wind shifts, until it is blowing straight from our destination.

All right, we can still do it, but it will be by a succession of short tacks, and frequent comings about; this means it will take us three times as long as under the first conditions. Or, worst of all, the wind may die down completely and about all we can do is go to sleep with the tiller lashed to a leg to make sure of waking when the wind comes up. Incidentally, I have not experienced a dead calm in more than fifteen years.

Closely related to this need for humility in a sailor is his inborn willingness, yea eagerness, to be entirely self-reliant and self-contained in his sport. The same relationship exists between sailboating and power-boating as between archery and shooting. At one time the archer looked to me to be the nuttiest of all the devotees of odd sports, and I was guilty of saying unkind things about his sanity. Until—

Then it dawned upon me that he was groping after exactly what I, poor idiot, am reaching for. When he goes out to hunt a deer with bow and arrow, he knows he has less chance than has a hunter with a 30-30 rifle and telescopic sights—but when and if he gets his deer, b'gosh, he has done the whole thing under his own power and without the assistance of a lot of chemists and metal-workers and powder-makers to supply the actual energy that killed his buck. So it is with sailors; we require no foresight about remembering to buy gasoline, neither do we depend upon the railroads and the tank wagons and the filling station attendants to keep our tanks filled.

We don't get there as soon as the lordly cabin cruiser, assuming that its engines and its gas supply hold out. But we have a lot more fun getting there in our quaintly independent way. And we have the satisfaction of doing it without any outside assistance other than that which Nature supplies free of cost to anybody who spreads his sails to receive it. Moreover, the skill we use in spreading our sails and steering our course is the biggest factor in determining whether we get there ahead of our fellows in identical boats of the same class.



Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Get a pipe and get aboard with Half & Half. Cool as the thought that you've missed your train. Smooth as discovering it's ten minutes late. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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**HALF AND HALF**  
**The Safe Pipe - Tobacco**  
**FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE**

# *At Your Service*

(Continued from page 17)

the state Departments which built up their own rehabilitation organizations. At the present time thirty-seven Departments maintain full-time service officers. Appeals remain the concern of the National Rehabilitation Committee which maintains full-time field secretaries at strategic points throughout the country. These field secretaries spend their lives on the road, maintaining constant touch with all the facilities for rehabilitation maintained both by the Government and by the Legion within their jurisdictions.

It would be difficult to find ten more useful citizens, or ten busier ones. Each possesses an encyclopedic knowledge of veterans' rights and of the procedure, often complicated, by which they may be realized. A field secretary must know a good deal of law and something of medicine. He must be able to spot flaws in organization and in procedure and to criticize without giving offense. He must make various kinds of inspections of government plants and personnel, including inspections of hospitals, which is a job calling for much special knowledge.

Field secretaries must be impartial. I have before me the report of the secretary who visited a regional office in the Middle West where the proportion of unfavorable decisions seemed pretty high in relation to the national ratio. After two days of observation the secretary discovered that the main cause seemed to be the inexperience of the department service officer in charge for the Legion. He was a new man on the job and not yet fully equipped for the work. The secretary went immediately with the service officer to department headquarters and laid the matter before the proper officials. Hopping back to the regional office the secretary took over a batch of pending

cases, personally made the necessary appearances and obtained a reasonable percentage of favorable decisions. The result was due simply to the difference between a good case "lawyer" and one who had not had sufficient training. The service officer also gained by this experience.

In the course of this work the secretary noted for future reference that one member of the regional board seemed inclined to resolve doubtful points against the claimants, whereas it is our policy to insist on at least an even break. I mention this because a less fair-minded man might have been disposed to dump the burden of the blame for adverse decisions on the board members in question in order to protect a representative of his own organization, the Legion. It is this reputation we enjoy for trying always to be fair that has won the confidence of the high officials of the Veterans Administration, increasing our usefulness and theirs.

A field secretary must have tact and courage. A certain agency of the Veterans Administration appeared to be breaking down. One of our secretaries submitted a detailed report with some mildly sensational trimmings. Boiled down it presented a case of wrecked morale due to office politics and administrative derelictions. After some thought and further exchange of correspondence the matter was presented—with some reluctance—to the Administrator of Veterans Affairs because, after all, we are not essentially inspectors or investigators but co-operators. The Administrator corroborated the representations by independent investigation and adopted measures for solution. This was to separate by transfers the persons involved, in the belief that in new surroundings their work would be satisfactory. This

has largely proved to be an accurate prediction.

Every officer and employe of the Rehabilitation Committee tries to exercise the homely virtues of perseverance and patience. No person who by letter or visit presents a question to us is turned away without a hearing. A that's-not-in-our-line attitude has no place in this committee's concept of service. Every case we handle, everything we do, involves in one way or another a question of human needs or suffering. Our job is to bring relief wherever possible, and by tackling all things that come our way we relieve many more people than otherwise would be the case. In elaboration of this point I might comment on some of the recoveries in money we have helped veterans and their survivors to get in the year past and which foot up to two and a quarter million dollars.

But as those would be obvious examples I shall mention instead requests to appear informally before the Treasury Department on tax matters, to prepare or assist in the preparation of briefs designed for the consideration of the United States Supreme Court, or even run down family trees. One confident correspondent felt that one side of his strain went back to the Battle of the Boyne and one to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The medical members of the committee's staff and of the advisory board are constantly studying newly developed therapy for troublesome diseases. They participate in medical clinics and conferences—all to the end that we shall continue to have, as we think we have now, for our veteran wards the best medical experience and enterprise available.

Putting all these things together your committee endeavors to be a genuine institution of service to veterans and through them to the whole country.

# *First to Remember*

(Continued from page 37)

soldiers. He spoke simply, from the heart: "Every man's life belongs to his country, and no man has a right to refuse it when his country calls for it."

Those words from Logan's lips and heart were recorded in a family Bible by the sexton of the cemetery. This sexton was James Green, a cousin of General Logan and a nephew of the general's father.

When the last words were spoken, the crowd moved quietly. Each widow and orphan, each bereaved mother or father or sister, took a place beside the mound that was dearest. The flowers they carried

were placed beside those laid there earlier in the day. A squad of riflemen moved from group to group, and over each grave a volley was fired. As the echoes faded, and the smoke drifted away, Taps was sounded by a bugler who had once called Assembly or Charge to these same men.

The blue line formed again. Still led by Logan, the veterans moved off to the scene of another operation. Again the people followed.

The citizens of Carbondale provided a free barbecue for all their guests, and it was one of the greatest crowds ever assembled in the town. In another grove

the barbecue pits were opened. Fresh bread was ready to hold the juicy meat. Great barrels held lemonade. There were rows of gourd drinking cups. Everyone could refresh himself while he visited.

The hogs for the barbecue were furnished by the Dillinger boys, who had fine farms east of town. John Borger, a young German who kept the Carbondale bake shop, had busied himself most of Saturday night with baking the bread which was his contribution. Women and girls had squeezed lemons until their arms ached.

But all work was forgotten, and every-

one visited happily. John and Mary Logan moved through the crowd, greeting people with friendly reminiscences of war days.

It was a day of friendliness and remembrance. Those who slept the long sleep were remembered, and those who were living made new resolves of friendship and loyalty. There was some talk of a new organization to be formed by ex-soldiers, a plan about which Logan had heard from a man named Stephenson in Springfield. But homely, familiar things got more attention.

That fall John A. Logan was elected Congressman-at-large from Illinois. In the East he visited the battlefields with Mrs. Logan. They saw the Confederate graves at Gettysburg covered with flowers and flags in the spring of 1867. The next spring they planned to visit Richmond and other Virginia scenes. Charles L. Wilson of the Chicago *Journal* was asked to accompany them. But Congressman Logan was detained by business, and the party proceeded without him. At Petersburg they visited the Confederate cemetery and saw the faded flowers and bleached flags upon the soldiers' graves. On the evening of their return to Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Logan and their guests sat in the parlor of the old Willard Hotel. The picture of the Petersburg Cemetery was vivid in the minds of the returning travelers, and Mr. Logan was touched by the story.

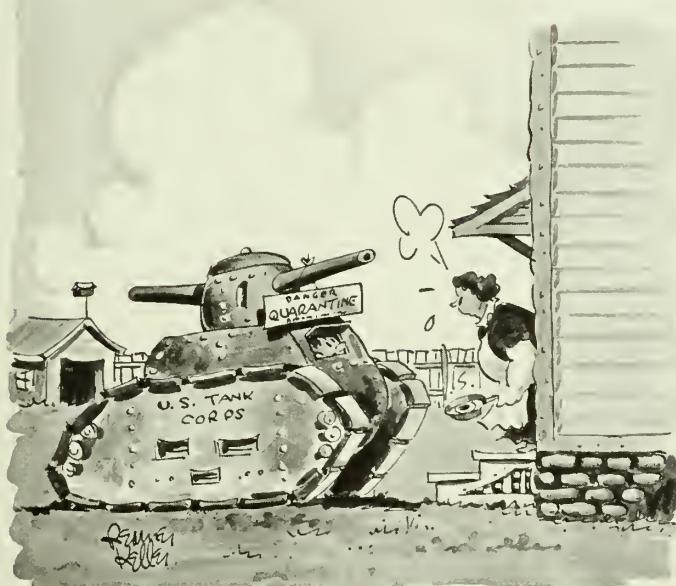
On May 5, 1868, John A. Logan issued the famous General Orders, Number 11, calling on all Grand Army posts to decorate the graves of comrades who had died in defense of their country. Because the flowers would then be at their best, May 30th was chosen as the day of national remembrance. Arlington was

the center of the ceremonies on that day, although similar exercises were held in every State of the Union.

When John A. Logan was at home again, Carbondale held its first Memorial Day services under the regulations for a national holiday. Woodlawn Cemetery was again the setting for a ceremony which could only repeat the solemnity of the 1866 service, sprung spontaneously from the hearts of the people.

Many of the veterans and citizens who participated in the Memorial Day services of 1866 and 1869 now lie in Woodlawn cemetery. The Carbondale Business and Professional Women's Club has assumed its maintenance and beautification. Donald Forsythe Post of The American Legion succeeds John W. Lawrence Post of the G. A. R. in making Woodlawn Cemetery a center for Memorial Day services each year. The Sons of the Legion carry on. Egypt's beloved day is not forgotten, nor do the people of southern Illinois forget "the cost of a free and undivided Republic."

*Legionnaire Ray Hubbs is closely connected by blood and service ties with every man mentioned in this article. As a boy John A. Logan rode his father's horses on a straightaway race-track beside the farm of Ray Hubbs's great-grandfather. Veterans Crowell and Winchester served in the same Civil War regiment as Hubbs's grandfather. The regiment marched nine thousand miles, so Ambrose Crowell's feet were spared some agony by his confinement in Andersonville. Asgil Conner was captain of the company in which Ray Hubbs's great-uncle served. Isaac Clements had two men of Ray Hubbs's family in his regiment when they marched away. Both were killed in action.*



"I got two weeks' furlough, Mom, but I can't come out—I got the measles!"

JUNE, 1937

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## ... MAKE YOURS a TRAILER VACATION



# *Judy O'Grady and the Second A.E.F.*

(Continued from page 3)

parade. A frenzied race, searching for small side streets that were not barred. Twenty times or more we were turned back and forced to find another way. Gallant Judy! She made it finally. Standing on the front seat, peering over the crowd, I could look up the Champs Elysées, lined on either side with thousands of French poilus like a frail blue ribbon. Pershing at the head, natty and erect, the same dynamic figure that I pictured him when first he brought his legions to France.

For hours they passed, a brilliant pageant, five miles long. Thunderous applause greeted them. Everywhere it was the same—spontaneous, sincere, stupendous. Many throats must have ached that night, with voices hoarse from continued cheering.

The night was like a great Mardi Gras. The boulevards packed with happy Americans. The poilus, relieved from duty, were seized upon by the doughboys. At the beginning of the week, the Parisians, who only saw the Legion in the city, had expressed surprise at the spirit of the convention. It was not the solemn pilgrimage to the graves of the dead that they had expected, but a joyous reunion. After the parade, the high spirits of the visitors, combined with their own national ebullience, made the city of lights and laughter more dazzling than perhaps on any night in its existence.

France had big men in those days—great leaders for the nation to follow, as it did, the flower of it, even to the death. Of the great names in the reviewing stand at the Legion parade, only Gouraud

survives, the gallant general who has endeared himself to every member of the A.E.F. Now he too is getting old and is on the retired list. Foch, Joffre, Poincaré, all are gone. And Clemenceau, the old Tiger and "Father of Victory." He came to Paris from his home in the Vendée for convention week, but did not see the parade. He came to see Pershing, and I am told that the two danced a jig together when they met.

But the memories of that week in 1927 cannot fade. And for the A.E.F. the heart of France still glows, I am sure. Also I feel certain that on those fields of France where lie the thousands of our soldier dead, their spirits mingle in unison with their comrades and their great commanders who fought with them under the tri-color.

## *Portfolio of Grief*

(Continued from page 7)

effectively a special express car, loaded by toiling United Pipe porters in the early evening, was hooked on the end of the swanky Owl Express, halting for it in Harlem, and dropped into the arms of our switching crew a few hours later.

Sure enough, Joey Wells, boss mason, led the next trouble parade, a complete one-man band, blaring forth grief in Cockney and Welsh. Each clay slab of an entire carload of fire brick, just delivered, tapered down a half inch in the length, instead of being rectangular, as specified.

"W'o is the 'ound w'o hactuated these orful brick?" he spluttered. "'E orter be seized and tryced up; w'o ever 'eard of a typered fire brick like these un. W'y, I'd—"

"What kind of fire brick?" asked the Chief.

"Typered, I said, typered right along the tongue. 'Ere, see for yerself," he thrust a yellow sample at the Chief.

"Oh, you mean tapered." Chief was busy saving his desk top from a holy-stoning. "Didn't you order them that way?"

"I did not," shouted Joey, "I horders reg'lar h'eight by four by one and a 'alf; w'y, a fellow wouldn't use them there in a dutch oven."

While Joey flowed on unintelligibly, the Chief questioned the specifications, phoned Gregg and Huldon, and again everything checked clear. In desperation he turned to Ned Barr—ordered the operator to find him somewhere, somehow. To him, long after Joey and his growl had faded back to the boiler room, he explained the difficulty, over long distance, and finally pleaded: "If there is any other out you can think of, Ned,

jump to it; it takes weeks to get these things moulded, dried and baked, even before they can pack them in a car; we just cannot be held up like that."

And Ned, the old magician, pulled the rabbit out of the hat. Automobile, train into New York, taxi to Grand Central, State of Maine express, country station just at daylight, a certain brickyard, farmer pointing to owner's house, that man sulkily out of bed, laborers without breakfast. Two days later Ned rode triumphantly to the plant, perched on the first of a trio of trucks laden with h'eight by four by one and a 'alf fire brick. Check up another score for Ned; schedule maintained again.

But Ned's glory was short lived. A chance to relax? Not for a minute. The city streets approaching the blockade and gate thrown across it to block entrance to the plant were sufficiently filled with incoming traffic to prevent his caravan reaching the gate. Standing up, he could see beyond the locked gates some more traffic and a crowd of workmen wedged around and against a big object lying prone across the street. He could see a line of guards, rifles ready at port, extending down each side and surrounding a restless, hooting mob. Inside and worming through the collection of men, he discovered the object to be a boiler, the first of the four new ones, cradled on a crib-work of stringers and skidded on rollers. His eye took in the empty flat-car from which the huge shell had been slid and followed the length of cable terminating at a turnstile, way down the alley next to the powerhouse. A blinded horse stood ready to supply the "pull."

He spied the Chief and came to rest beside him on the crib-work, stating, "You don't have to tell me we now have a strike on our hands."

"Confound it, yes. They're not only sinking the machine division but they seize this chance to hold up the boilers; you can see they'll not let us move this one. My schedule goes to pot. They're daring us to set the guards on 'em."

"Asking for a fight, eh? Must be some of the new men. What'll it take to quiet them?"

"Increase from sixty to ninety an hour; time and a half for all over eight hours."

"And my boy just starting across at a dollar ten a day!"

"It's a stiff demand. What rubs me raw, though, is holding things up just when we need everything we've got to ship shells out fast enough."

Ned stood. Tightening his belt, he asked: "Those fellows are machinists, toolmakers from over there aren't they?" He gestured to the big machine shops in the foreground. "I think I can fix this thing, knowing these men—the old gang anyway. You don't need guards. And I'll learn who started this thing and why. Wait a minute, what's Huldon doing down here?"

Up nearer the main office door stood a group, the works manager and several department heads, talking to a hastily scraped up committee of workers. At the fringe was Huldon conversing earnestly with one of the strike leaders. Ned, worming his way back through the crowd, called to the Chief: "I bet he," pointing at Huldon, "snarls this up like he has some other things—just wait, I'll find out."

Ned's progress through the crowd took on the aspect of an old home week reception, until finally he landed in conversation with an old time friend. Just Ned's friendly presence seemed to lower the temperature and when, a short while later, he had again squirmed up front, he was returning a barrage of quips and jokes. Make a crowd laugh and you can turn them, but make them mad—then beware! Well, they all went back to work, after dinner, leaving their committee and the management, and Ned, to square things. The boilers creaked on their rollers, slowly, deliberately inching to position and up, up until they one by one settled squarely on Joey Wells's foundation. Up to schedule again!

Came the time for Ned to be in Virginia to wet-nurse the trip of a tricky forging through the mill. Refreshed from a steamer trip in lieu of eternal Pullmans, he finally found himself, with United Pipe's local manager, bent over a pair of blueprints. "The Chief gave me a copy direct," he was saying, recalling a two-months-past conference. "You got yours from the P. A. and I guess you already have the overall, off-set figure. The way you've been entertaining me I could hope they'd never wire that dimension." His host laughed, delighted. Ned continued, "Say! You look, too. Your copy says six inches—right here—mine says eight inches, or I'm having eye trouble. I'm right? I know I am. Got a magnifying glass? Thanks." For a minute he studied the figure 6 on the print sent United Pipe. "Anything else different? No? Ought not to be, he garbles only one figure. You use my print to make this thing—be sure I take it back with me."

Ned did everything but sleep with the goose-neck and next Sunday it swung idly in the air, hoisted high up in the boiler room close to the two fittings it was to join. The Chief strained aching neck and eyes watching two steamfitters, each balancing precariously at the open ends of the two steam mains, reach to guide the off-set into place. Snap! It fitted. Schedule again—score three for Ned.

Days winked into weeks and weeks inevitably added up into months. Still it was nearly two months before the date the Chief had so cautiously, and the Works Manager so confidently, established in the mind of the major of ordnance, that orders were issued to collect the thousands of workers needed for the countless machines and operations our gigantic high pressure, never ceasing expansion program called for, to produce the huge daily quota of cartridges our construction guaranteed. Already the older plant groaned under the cramming pressure necessary to feed shells fast enough to stop the cry of the Army. The A. E. F. was hungry. A test run of all the new set-up was ordered for Sunday; the three shifts in twenty-four hours were to start grinding Monday morning at eight. To be doubly sure, our Chief and the boss of

the machine division pushed the test up to Saturday evening. That would leave all day Sunday and Sunday night for any last minute work and perhaps offer a few hours' sleep to those of us left on the job. (Most of the construction gang had, by that week end, drifted away.)

Down in the yard men were beginning to collect, electricians, machinists, millwrights, tool-makers, machine operators, foremen, all waiting expectantly for the lights to go on in the new buildings, still dark save for the temporary flood-lights necessary for guarding, waiting for motors to hum and belts to slap. The Chief stood up in the new sub-station, his back to the switchboard, listening to the increasing crescendo of speed of the new turbines below, and watching the synchroscope needle swing to neutral as the new giants bit onto the line in tune with their older brothers. He signaled; the operator shoved in the primary switch—an electrician shoved the leads of a lamp-bank against the secondary bus bars. There was a grunt from the transformers, a flashing report and the tinkle of glass from the lamp-bank. The operator yanked his switch open. Sight, returning from the blinding glare of the bursting test lamps, disclosed the electrician on his knees, praying, in terror. We all laughed. Then we scuttled around in back of those transformers.

"Somebody shifted the leads," explained the Chief, "it was not an electrician, you can tell that the way he clamped the lugs down, but he came pretty near wrecking us all right. Had we closed the secondary switch, without testing, and put juice on the buildings, every blessed connection, circuit and light on this sub-station would have flared up to Jehosaphat. Why? You got an idea what eleven thousand volts will do to one-hundred-ten equipment?"

IT WAS Christmas week, just after the Armistice, late in the afternoon and snow tapping on the window panes. Each week for the past few, regiments of men and women workers had tramped out the gates never to come back in; dissipating to the four quarters of the earth from whence they had flocked to us over a year ago. Our plant was flat for the week, allowing the remaining force a well deserved vacation. Buildings seemed like headstones in a giant cemetery—shadowy, silent—at the mercy of anyone the watchmen couldn't keep out. Only nobody in particular wanted to get in, any more. After another month the old plant was to make a record low for production—you couldn't find an order even for twenty-two's. Gradually the Old Guard had drifted in by Gregg's desk; you know how it is, nothing special to do all of a sudden. First the machine boss, then Witham and Hawley of Ballistics, the Chief, plus some more. A lull in the rapid-fire exchange of reminiscence brought up Huldon's name. "Whatever became of him, Ned?" (Continued on page 52)

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# Portfolio of Grief

(Continued from page 51)

Ned replied: "I can't tell you exactly, even though I was his lone, honorary pall-bearer."

"Then he did die?"

"Yes. That's why I can't guarantee his destination." Pressed to tell more, Ned hitched up his belt and continued: "Get the Guard Captain to tell you some time —what a yarn he reels off. I came to think Huldon had a screw loose but the Captain has a record of an old Federal Pen sentence. He also believes Huldon was hooked with the outfit that tried to ball us up here all through the period of the war."

Witham interrupted: "They stuck a foot in our way, plenty; I can't tell you now why we didn't trip and fall down on our quota."

Then Ned started again: "Remember that order for inch pipe that came in two-inch? Did I scrap with the railroad to hang my express car on the Owl that night?" He chuckled and went on: "United Pipe showed me their order—it was two-inch and so is my copy," pointing to his portfolio. "Later I tried every typewriter here; that one next to Huldon's desk typed those orders, I could tell by the lower case l's. Then I discovered that girl never made out orders."

The Chief made Gregg admit he signed P. O.'s without checking against the plant requisition.

"Next, Joey Wells's trouble puzzled me," Ned admitted. "My print showed a taper, so did the copy they mailed back to me; but the tracing in your files, Chief, showed a rectangle. Sometime, look at the blueprint—it's a souvenir in my brief case—under a glass. He changed white dimensions right on the blue. An ad of a sheriff selling that brick plant was the bunny nestling in my hat that time. I figured they'd have something we could use laying there ready to ship. About

that time, too, I whispered to the Guard Captain about Huldon."

The strike followed along in Ned's tabulation of other steps in Huldon's consistent effort to balk us. We all knew his wide acquaintanceship among workmen had enabled him to scoop the inside story. It was simple. Many new men hired in the rush. Some already infected with strike disease; many susceptible. One man especially was a veritable putrid pool of agitators' germs. Some outside influence warmed him up and speeded the scum culture. (With your brother and mine over across sacrificing everything he had or held dear, were we wrong to think of these piking strikers as scum?) That man still languished in Federal hands and from his doorstep the Guard Captain, with secret service, began the sneak up on Huldon, only to arrive too late.

"But you said he died," Gregg interposed. "You were at his funeral or something?"

"I was," replied Ned solemnly. "I checked in my regular New York hotel that Saturday night—just in from Illinois. We were only a few months into the war then. Next morning I met the house doctor in the elevator. I knew him well enough to see he was all fussed; so, like a kid, I followed him. There was a fellow sprawled over the bed, shot; a gun was on the floor. It was Huldon. Suicide, said the doc. Then I explained how the empty shell was one of ours and I was busy between the police and our Guard Office for a day or two. They never found out just who he was because there wasn't a thing in his pockets to go by—nor in his room or in our records here. They gave me one memento to keep—it was in his wallet."

He searched in his portfolio for a magazine cut to show us—slipping it from its envelope addressed to Huldon. It was a picture of a firing squad.

# Safer for Democracy

(Continued from page 27)

In international affairs, the Kellogg Pact notwithstanding, there is still a general reliance on the method of counting corpses to arrive at important decisions. We know that this is costly and uncivilized. We have made some attempts to decide things internationally by counting noses. But governments are reluctant to give up the right to turn to the old method in case they get an unfavorable decision through majority rule.

So, it appears, the desirable slogan "to end war" is dependent in the last analysis upon the world-wide achievement of the other slogan, "to make the world safe for

democracy." When the democratic idea is being practiced by people in all parts of the world in their homes, schools, social and political institutions, we may expect to see this civilized technique of social progress employed in international affairs. In other words, it is my conviction that a democratic world is essential to a warless world.

The scene abroad looks rather dreary and to some hopeless. We ourselves hold a strategic place of world influence. The question is put to us: "Will democracy work in this new, complex machine age?" If we can make it work here to create an

ordered social and economic progress resulting in the greatest good for the greatest number, it will spread by contagion. The present trend toward new chaos and economic collapse which characterizes the old-style dictatorships turns the attention of people abroad to successful experience with democracy.

Therefore, I can think of nothing more significant for the veterans of a struggle fought under the slogan "to make the world safe for democracy" to do, than to enlist their support behind those educational institutions which give our democracy a good fighting chance to survive and mature. This involves support of our public school system which equips youth with the tools of expression and a basic understanding of the history and nature of our world. It involves the intelligent support of all educational and social institutions which train youth and adults in the habits of democratic action. It also involves, in my opinion, vigorous support of discussions, forums, study groups and adult civiceducation programs.

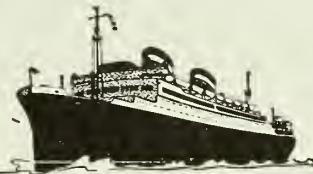
If we seriously want to perpetuate the democratic ideas of majority rule and freedom of expression we must somehow perfect ways and means of enabling free citizens to come to an understanding of the perplexing problems over which they must exercise their rulership.

The enemy within the gates of a

democratic society is he who accepts the rights of citizenship without discharging his responsibility of studying the problems of his community and country. But it seems to me that we cannot mark these "slackers" in the struggle for a democratic world unless we plan and operate educational facilities for the use of all the people in achieving civic understanding. If we do organize such institutions for adult discussion and study, we may come to the day when the citizen who neglects to inform himself as a prerequisite to the exercise of citizenship will be subject to the pressure of public disapproval.

A nationwide system of adult civic education operated under local managements appeals to me as an important phase of national defense, if what we are really defending is our democratic tradition as well as the land which gave it birth. The duration of the war is perhaps longer than we at first expected. We cannot truly call ourselves veterans until the basic struggle to make the world safe for democracy has ended in a victory. Education of the three types I have suggested is essential to the winning of eventual victory. For services already rendered to the cause of public education, grateful credit is given to The American Legion. The future offers even greater challenges to those who are still enlisted in the cause of a democratic and warless world.

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Cabin (Round Trip)	Tourist Rates)	Third Rates)	Ships	Sailing Dates	Arrival Ports	Arrival Dates	Days En route	Number Of Beds In Room	Return Sailing Ports	Return Sailing Dates	Return Arrival In N. Y.	No. Days for trip
\$276.14 209.04 276.14	\$179.20 127.20 179.20	\$130.00 130.00 130.00	Washington Pres. Roosevelt Manhattan	Sep. 23 Sep. 29 Oct. 6	UNITED STATES Havre Havre Havre	Sep. 30 Oct. 7 Oct. 13	7 8 7	1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3	Havre Havre Havre	Oct. 7 Oct. 14 Oct. 21	Oct. 14 Oct. 23 Oct. 28	21 24 22
236.00 257.60 276.80 278.80 426.40 306.00	167.20 175.20 179.20 179.20 217.60 183.20	127.20 130.00 130.00 134.60 153.20 135.40	DeGrasse Lafayette Champain Paris Normandie Ile de France	Sep. 24 Sep. 24 Sep. 25 Sep. 27 Sep. 29 Oct. 7	Havre Havre Havre Havre Havre Havre	Oct. 3 Oct. 2 Oct. 2 Oct. 4 Oct. 5 Oct. 13	9 8 7 7 5 6	1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2 1-2 1-2 1-2	Havre Havre Havre Return La fayette Return La fayette	Oct. 11 Oct. 27 Oct. 13 Oct. 20 Oct. 20 Oct. 27	Oct. 20 Nov. 4 Oct. 20 27 from Oct. 25 27 from	26 41 25 24 24 Havre
426.40 232.00 336.00 228.00 262.40 228.00 426.40	217.60 171.20 191.20 169.60 175.20 169.60 217.60	153.20 125.40 140.80 123.60 130.00 123.60 153.20	Queen Mary Lacania Berengaria Samaria Georgic Scythia Queen Mary Aquitania	Sep. 22 Sep. 24 Sep. 29 Oct. 1 Oct. 2 Oct. 9 Oct. 6	CUNARD WHITE STAR Cherbourg Cherbourg Cherbourg Liverpool Havre Liverpool Cherbourg	Sep. 27 Oct. 4 Oct. 5 Oct. 10 Oct. 12 Oct. 19 Oct. 11	5 10 6 10 9 10 5	1-2 1-2-3 1-2 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2	Cherbourg Liverpool Cherbourg Liverpool Havre Liverpool Cherbourg	Oct. 13 Oct. 9 Return Aquitania Oct. 15 Oct. 15 Oct. 23 Oct. 27	Oct. 18 Oct. 19 Oct. 25 Oct. 25 Oct. 25 Nov. 2 Nov. 1	26 24 25 25 23 24 26
*376.00 *296.00 *296.00 *376.00	208.00 196.80 196.80 208.00	160.00 148.00 148.00 160.00	Rex Roma Saturnia Conte de Savoia	Sep. 25 Oct. 2 Oct. 6 Oct. 9	ITALIAN LINE Naples & Nice Naples & Nice Naples & Nice Naples & Nice	Oct. 3 Oct. 12 Oct. 18 Oct. 17	8 10 12 8	1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4	Naples Naples Naples Naples	Nov. 3 Oct. 25 Oct. 28 Oct. 20	Nov. 11 Nov. 4 Nov. 8 Oct. 28	47 33 33 19
260.80 377.60 260.80 377.60 248.40 260.80 377.60	172.80 199.20 172.80 199.20 171.60 172.80 199.20	130.00 144.80 130.00 144.80 128.60 130.00 144.80	HAMBURG-A-AMERICAN Hansa Bremen Deutschland Europa St. Louis New York Europa	Sep. 23 Sep. 22 Sep. 30 Sep. 29 Oct. 2 Oct. 7 Oct. 9	NORTH HOLLAND AMERICA CERMAK LLOYD BERNSTEIN	Sep. 30 Sep. 27 Oct. 7 Oct. 4 Oct. 10 Return on N.Y. Oct. 14	7 5 7 5 8 1-2-3 5	1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3	Cherbourg Cherbourg Cherbourg Cherbourg Cherbourg Cherbourg Cherbourg	Oct. 8 Oct. 20 Oct. 15 Oct. 9 Oct. 22 Oct. 20 Oct. 27	Oct. 15 Oct. 25 Oct. 22 Oct. 14 Oct. 29 Oct. 25 Nov. 1	21 28 28 15 22 16 30
268.80 211.20	179.20 168.80	130.00 127.20	Statendam Volendam	Sep. 28 Oct. 9	HOOLAND AMERICA Boulogne Boulogne	Oct. 6 Oct. 18	8 9	1-2-3 1-2-3	Boulogne Boulogne	Oct. 30 Oct. 23	Nov. 6 Nov. 2	39 24
136.00 136.00 196.40	Konigstein Gerolstein Pennland	ARNOLD BERNSTEIN	STAR LINE	Sep. 25 Oct. 9 Oct. 2	RED	Oct. 6 Oct. 20 Oct. 12	11 11 10	1-2 1-2 1-2	Antwerp Antwerp Antwerp	Return on Oct. 23 Oct. 16	Gerolstein Nov. 4 Oct. 26	28 28 24

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# Overnight Guests

(Continued from page 15)

paid for and three boys who must be educated—and no form of income whatever.

A Wisconsin man and his wife, Florida bound, were the cause of Mrs. Fleming going into business. The wife was ill and just as the car was in front of the Fleming home she fainted and slumped against her husband. The motorist looked around helplessly. He saw the new house on the hill and, picking up his wife, he carried her to it. Could Mrs. Fleming possibly take them in and let them rest for the night? Mrs. Fleming was hospitable and her guests liked it. They suggested payment and Mrs. Fleming was embarrassed; she was not, she explained, running a hotel.

But why not, asked the practical man from Wisconsin. She had everything to make a tourist home a success. Mrs. Fleming lay awake that night thinking. The colleges were about to begin their fall terms and her boys were not enrolled. The next day she turned the old colored woman who had long presided over the Fleming kitchen into a chef, made her old colored house boy into a waiter, tacked up a sign for overnight guests, and soon began to prosper. In eight years she has entertained more than 10,000 guests. When her husband died the Flemings had seventeen country hams in the smokehouse but now the building holds 1800 hams, which is about one year's supply, as Mrs. Fleming sells hams as a sideline.

Of course, it is a far cry from these homes to the town boarding houses which have hopefully hung out signs to bait tourists. The smaller places abound, but the pressure of regulatory laws and competition of superior places in some States is gradually weeding them out. The American tourist has come to demand accommodations in the tourist homes almost as good as he receives in the hotels. Few tourist homes today, for instance, can hope to succeed without a central heating plant, refrigeration and electric lights. Some of the larger and better ones now are providing liability and accident insurance.

In some States, hotel men have waged bitter war against the tourist homes. Laws in most States require sheets of a certain length and set specific standards for toilet facilities, fire hazards and cleanliness. If the homes could not pass tests, they were denied licenses. But in many States it was physically impossible to get enough trained inspectors. In Tennessee alone more than 700 tourist homes are operating without licenses. There is not time to inspect them.

Of late the view of hotel men has moderated. "I have always been of the opinion that these homes have done more to increase travel than any other single thing with the exception of good roads and inexpensive automobiles," one hotel

executive recently said. "If people of small means didn't have these places to stay in, they couldn't begin to make a trip. But they will stop at several hotels before they get through with their vacation. Therefore, we are making and gaining business instead of losing it. The tourist homes have put America on the road going places and seeing things."

Despite an occasional tolerant view, the American Hotel Association has never made peace. It gets out cards, blotters and signs depicting a phase of hotel service such as the feeling of security in a fireproof hotel, the protection against thieves and hold-ups in a hotel room, the protection of automobiles and contents, the immediate presence of medical attention, sanitation of bath equipment, warmly heated rooms.

What sort of people stop at tourist homes? All kinds. The driver of the auto may be a millionaire or a gangster—John Dillinger while "on the lam" with G-men trailing him, once stopped at a tourist home maintained by an unsuspecting woman. He was quiet and taciturn while under her roof. When G-men arrived hours after he had departed and revealed his identity, the good lady had nervous prostration, but officers assured her that any criminal running from officers would be the last person to create a disturbance.

Just home from a long journey, I have checked up on the cars I saw outside of tourist homes. In Indiana I noted two cars costing more than \$3000 each, three cars costing more than \$1500 and several flivvers, all outside the door of a tourist home. In Canada I was struck by the number of new large cars at the homes. Because a Georgia hostess was kind to a crusty old gentleman from New York, she received \$500 in his will when he died last year. In Alabama the last hours of an invalid, hastening to the warm gulf coast to escape a Chicago winter, were made easier by a tourist hostess when he had a fatal heart attack. At one tourist home last December a family which drove up in a small car was found to be one of the wealthiest families in the Middle West with a daughter in school in Switzerland and the other daughter hurrying to Florida to rest from her debut. In Virginia in August a house boy cleaning up a living room in a tourist home found a wallet containing more than \$2000 in travelers checks. Many of the guests are persons of means though most of them are just Mr. and Mrs. America with a small income and a vacation.

The average cost of a night's lodgings is from fifty cents to \$1.50. Breakfast is usually fifty cents or less. Dinner at night is usually one dollar, but often less. Last October, traveling the 1000 miles which separate our home from New York, my

wife and I made the journey at a cost of \$14.50 for two, including rooms and meals at tourist homes and gasoline for the car. We picked out the oldest houses in which to stop and we never slept under a roof which did not date back to the Revolution.

"There is really a spirit of chivalry towards the women who operate these tourist homes," said one woman. "Their credit losses are far less than those of the average hotel. For a guest to leave without paying his bill is virtually unknown, bad checks are almost unknown but perhaps that is because the amateur business woman distrusts a check instinctively. Sneak thievery is rare. Nearly all of the

people we meet are kind and friendly, and you'd be surprised to know how most folks thaw out and warm up on a winter's night before a log fire."

From these hard working hostesses one may learn much about America which he did not know before. One thing he may learn is that he need not travel and be lonesome for human companionship; he can do his stint of 400 or even 500 miles per day or more over flawless roads and at night he can become one of the family as an overnight guest in a home where thousands of American women are earning their livelihood in honor and self respect.

## Be It Ever So Humble

(Continued from page 19)

expensive trip of four hundred miles at the minimum to get a Negro to a hospital for treatment; second, if he goes he suffers acute nostalgia that becomes a real disease, and he does not get any better. In fine, it is the experience of men having to do with Negro veterans that there has never been a satisfactory Veterans Administration service for them. And now that they are middle-aged the number of cases requiring hospital treatment is growing rapidly. Out of a few more than 86,000 veterans of North Carolina, the Negro represents one out of four. In our State Service Office there are over 43,000 files of veterans claiming hospitalization or compensation. The Negro represents nearly half of these.

For these reasons the Department of North Carolina has put the energy of every Legionnaire behind the project of obtaining an all-Negro hospital for the eastern part of North Carolina, not only to care for the growing volume of Negro veterans from our State, but to be regional and care for all colored veterans between Virginia and Florida's tip.

Right now Negro veterans in our State are dying at the rate of one a day without hospitalization. Of the 318 who died last year it is reasonable to assume that half of them might have lived or responded to treatment if there had been a hospital set

in the surroundings and climate familiar to them.

The Negro looks to us for this aid just as he looks to us for assistance in getting through government red tape to obtain him those rights due him. The State Service Officer has offices in the Piedmont Building in Charlotte. Scarcely a day goes by but what some Negro comes in looking for aid. And if they do not come personally we receive letters, painfully scrawled by people to whom writing a letter is a frightful task.

I quote a few not because they are so amusing but because they indicate pathetically the sort of person we must help. Usually these letters come in response to requests made for evidence of one sort or another. One widow, wishing to establish claim to a pension, wrote this: "Dear Legion: I am sending my marriage certificate and my two children one of which is a mistake as you can see." We finally deciphered this to mean that the name entered on a birth certificate was wrong.

Another: "Dear Captain: I am sending my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven but one died which was baptized on a half sheet of paper by the Reverend Thomas." The enclosure was a half sheet of paper on which the Reverend Thomas had (Continued on page 56)



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# Be It Ever So Humble

(Continued from page 55)

sworn to the regular baptism of a newly born child.

Prior to the Economy Act of 1933, when a veteran was hospitalized he drew temporary total compensation. Following passage of the act a veteran was sent to a hospital and presently came this letter from his wife: "I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you all tell me why?"

Another had to do with supplying proof of a new birth so that the veteran could draw additional compensation for the child. The letter: "In answer to yours I have given birth in the enclosed envelope to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

There are literally hundreds of such scrawls, ranging from the widow who in despair at the delay in getting her husband's pension said, "Unless I get my husband's money I will have to lead an immortal life," to the widow who wrote plaintively, "Please send me my money at once as I have fallen in error with my landlady." All of which only indicates why the Legion is the public pleader for the Negro to obtain this very much needed hospital.

We are proud of our Division B in North Carolina. From a puny beginning with but 277 members it now has more than a thousand. They have invariably recommended good Department Vice-Commanders (and not because we hold the appointive power either). Their district commanders have shown aggressiveness as have the twenty-nine post commanders. When we have our department convention parade all of them get

out and march. And the posts have done good work among them, as shown by their post commanders' conference reports.

Finally, the need is growing rapidly. The two chief disabilities of the Negro are tuberculosis and mental diseases, which latter have shown a rapid increase in the past two years. We are asking for a hospital with 250 beds, yet at present there are more than three hundred veterans hospitalized outside of our State.

There are sixty veterans in state mental hospitals because no room can be found for them elsewhere. Sixteen Negroes are in jail waiting to be removed to a hospital when beds can be found for them. And as I have said, more than one a day is dying at home rather than leave his family and his familiar country.

In the flat country to the east the climate is more salubrious, and there the Negro has thrived for more than two hundred years. Like a child he feels confident in himself and secure when he can look out and see the trees and the fields and the plantations which were there when he was born and will be there after he is dead. He looks to us to aid him. We want to cut the death rate among them. The answer, to us, is a Negro hospital in the southeast, preferably south and east of Raleigh.

Then when one of them comes and says, "I've got a misery, Capt'n, suh," he can go to a hospital and still be able to look out of the windows and see the familiar scenes that keep him contented and singing when he is well.

## A Legion of Blood Brothers

(Continued from page 31)

E. Clark concluded the radio program.

The lives of the two men who gave their names to the post ran on strikingly parallel lines. Both were Portland boys, were outstanding athletes and members of the Portland Amateur Athletic Club. Both entered the Army for Service in the World War as buck privates, were commissioned captains, and were killed in action almost side by side.

### Harrisburg Returns Thanks

ALTHOUGH removed from the river by a matter of miles, one of the towns hardest hit by the recent flood in the Ohio River was Harrisburg, in Southern Illinois. The members of George Hart Post, in that city, distinguished themselves in flood relief work, but the need was so great that outside help became necessary. That help came quickly

from posts and from Auxiliary units.

Commander Richard L. Cutting writes: "Contributions of food, clothing, supplies of all kinds came from all directions. Were it not for this splendid spirit of generosity and co-operation we might be discouraged by the task which now confronts us. Eighty percent of our city was flooded and the loss has been great. We lost one large mine, throwing three hundred men out of employment, but we are continuing the fight. We return our thanks to all who in any way contributed to our relief."

### Kennett Square Pageant

LONGWOOD GARDENS at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, is an internationally known beauty spot, a marvel in landscape gardening that compares most favorably with formal gardens in any part of the world. Longwood is the

creation of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont on their spacious estate just across the line from Delaware and the fine old city of Wilmington, which has long been associated with the name of the du Ponts.

At Longwood there are eighty-foot trees, pools and fountains, formal gardens and rare plants and shrubs from all parts of the world. The garden itself attracts thousands of visitors each year, from all parts of the United States and from foreign countries. Then, as an added attraction, Kennett Square is set in the heart of a section of country rich in historic interest—and is easily accessible to visitors who want to loaf along and make the most of vacation time. The town is located on the edge of the Brandywine battlefield where, on September 11, 1777, the Stars and Stripes first waved in battle and where Lafayette fell wounded. It was also the home of Bayard Taylor, distinguished diplomat, poet, novelist and traveler. Legionnaires who travel U. S. Route 1 between Baltimore and Philadelphia next September enroute to the National Convention in New York and the march up Fifth Avenue will pass through Kennett Square and will be privileged to visit its beauty spots and historic shrines. At the same time they will have the opportunity of looking in at the club home of William W. Fahey Post of The American Legion.

It is at Longwood Gardens, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. du Pont, that William W. Fahey Post stages each year a magnificent pageant and spectacle in an open air theater, an event that has come to be regarded as the June-time major attraction to Kennett Square and which has also become a nationally known feature. Announcement has been made that the eighth annual pageant will be given on June 16th to 19th, when the Legion players will present Washington Irving's immortal Rip Van Winkle.

The first of the series of pageants was presented in 1930 and has been continued each year without a break. A total of \$1,731 persons have witnessed the shows, with a resulting box-office take of \$69,307.89. The theater has a seating capacity of 2,400 and so great is the demand that all seats are reserved. It is

expected that the Legion players will show again this year to the usual capacity crowds.

The setting for the pageant is one of unique splendor; the trees, the gardens and the fountains are transformed into a fairyland as a part of the open air theater, with colored floodlights in constant change playing upon the fountains that leap from twenty to one hundred feet. Six thousand gallons of water is cascaded every minute. The cost of staging this pageant, from the standpoint of playing the fountains, lighting effects and other devices to show the wonders of the garden at its best, runs around the \$5,000 mark, which is borne by the owners and creators of Longwood Gardens.

William W. Fahey Post owns and occupies a \$75,000 club house, which is also used as a community center; it is a post that has built itself into the community life. It has been most active in community service projects, in Boy Scout work, and in school work, including the operation of a citizenship school for foreign born. All of these activities have been made possible by receipts of the annual pageant.

### Three Commanders

WALTER MILLER POST of Plainwell, Michigan, is one post that can boast of three Commanders at one and the same time. At the risk of starting something that might result in a long list from others of the 11,364 posts that make up the Legion, this Step-Keeper would like to have the names of others who now have three or more Commanders on active duty. The three Commanders of Walter Miller Post are: Frank Parker, Post Commander; Elmer E. Wood, Commander of Allegan County and C. Homer Wade, Commander of the Fourth District. This post now has a member in three of the four commanderships in the Department of Michigan.

### A Band Stable Sergeant

LEO F. CORDES, a member of the Crack Drum and Bugle Corps of Massillon (Ohio) Post, insists that his corps is the (Continued on page 58)

## LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

PAUL BROWN, who painted the cover for this issue, is a member of William Bradford Turner Post, Garden City, New York.

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CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE belongs to Willard Straight Post, New York City.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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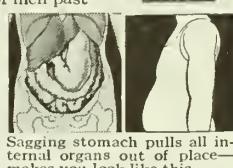


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## The AMERICAN LEGION FAMILY

3,000,000 folks—an active consumer's market for the complete range of advertised products from automobiles to breakfast foods. A market for quantities of new things—quantities of replacements.

# A Legion of Blood Brothers

(Continued from page 57)

only one in the Legion that boasts a stable sergeant on its roster. Just how come, or what part a stable sergeant has in a drum and bugle corps is something of a mystery; in fact this officer is not named in Comrade Cordes' letter.

However, it does appear that a member of the Massillon Corps was promoted to that rank as the result of an incident at the National Convention at St. Louis. Comrade Cordes is so certain that the grade held by the member of his corps is unique and the only one in captivity that he offers to buy a Coca Cola for any drum major who can produce another one at the New York National Convention.

## Life Saver for Oconto

THE city fire department of Oconto, Wisconsin, is now prepared to give life-saving aid in cases of drowning or shock with a complete modern equipment, including inhalator and resuscitator.

## Taps

(Continued from page 34)

new outfit left for France and became the 26th Remount Squadron.

"After the quarantine was lifted, they sent me to Auxiliary Remount Depot No. 309 at Camp McClellan, Alabama, and that's where I stayed for the rest of the war. I was assigned to the Horse School, in charge of the Blacksmithing Department, and I turned out three classes before the Armistice came along. I'd like to hear from some of the veteran blacksmiths and horseshoers."

EVERY so often we get an interesting story about the much-tabooed fraternization in the Occupied Area in the Rhineland. Most of these stories seem to confirm the fact that the orders regarding too-friendly relations with the enemy people were widely disobeyed, and in most instances without dire results. Here is a story told by Legionnaire James P. Mooers of 45 Mountain Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts, and through its telling in these columns, he may hear from an old friend:

"Fraternizing in the Army of Occupation? I witnessed much of it in different ways, but one case in Germany I shall never forget.

"At Andernach-on-the-Rhine, Sergeant Atwood and I, of Company A, 7th Machine Gun Battalion, Third Division, were the two non-coms in charge of two machine-gun trucks that were being used to loop the division's area as busses. Our passengers were men going to and coming

tator. The apparatus was purchased and given to the city by Clyde B. Jones Post, The American Legion, a gift which was inspired by the drowning of two small children and the lack of adequate facilities for resuscitation, by means of which life might have been saved. The proper life-saving equipment might have kindled the tiny spark that still remained in those little limp bodies—kindled it to glow again; to live and be happy again.

The equipment was placed in charge of the fire department and the members instructed in its use. It is not only available for use in cases of suffocation as a result of fires, but for cases of asphyxiation, electric shock, drowning, carbon monoxide poisoning, and for the resuscitation of newly born infants. The inhalator may also be used to ease the pain in cases of pneumonia. As its part in this splendid community service project, the Auxiliary unit of Clyde B. Jones Post gave a metal life-saving boat for use in searching for victims of drowning. BOYD B. STUTLER

from the several towns occupied by the various outfits of the division. Our outfit changed the detail every week.

"Sergeant Atwood had a very heavy cold when he went on duty and it steadily got worse as the week wore on. He would not listen to my advice to go on sick report in Andernach. At nine o'clock one evening his condition alarmed me so much I told him I was going to bring a doctor to our room. He pleaded with me not to do so but suggested I take him back to the German family in Bell where he and our outfit were billeted.

"I complied with his wish, although I felt that I should have placed him in the hospital which was nearer, for he certainly seemed to have pneumonia.

"Arriving in Bell, the driver and I helped the sergeant upstairs where we were met by an old German woman and her daughter. Hurriedly, they put Atwood to bed and then started a parade of hot towels from kitchen to bedroom and Atwood's chest. I hurried away for our medical officer, but learning he had taken another sick man to the hospital in Mayen, I returned to watch two German women try with hot towels to keep life in an American soldier. The younger woman became quite embarrassed at me watching her put towels on the half-dressed American and politely asked me to wait in the front room.

"Stepping into the next room, my gaze rested upon the stooped figure of an old man poking hot coals in a fire place. I

coughed so as not to frighten him. Suddenly he turned and shook the iron in his hand at me, and with another outburst, pointed to pictures of four German soldiers on the mantelpiece. 'My sons, all dead,' I managed to understand from what he said. He said he knew each army that had killed each son, and blamed me for the one he said had been killed by the Americans. Poor man, he had become demented from his great sorrow—and yet his wife and daughter were trying to save an American so he might go home.

"Later, when our doctor arrived and told me these women had saved Atwood's life, I asked them why under such circumstances they were so kind. To my astonishment, the younger one said, 'We like the Americans, because they ended the terrible war and so saved the lives of additional thousands of sons and brothers.'

"It developed that Sergeant Atwood had had pneumonia. The doctor removed him to the army hospital in Mayen where he regained his health and returned to the States. But I never heard from him again. I wonder where he might be?"

**C**ASUALTIES in the World War are generally considered by most people as covering those men who were killed in action, who died of wounds or who died of disease. Accidental death seems strange in connection with warfare, but official records show that 4,503 men in service died as the result of accidents.

We made this research as a result of a letter from Legionnaire Charles E. Lawrence of Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio, who served with the 147th Infantry, 37th Division. Comrade Lawrence writes:

"Does any of the boys ever stop to think of the buddies who were killed away from the front? I don't think so. How many remember the railroad wreck near Le Mans, France, on April 17,

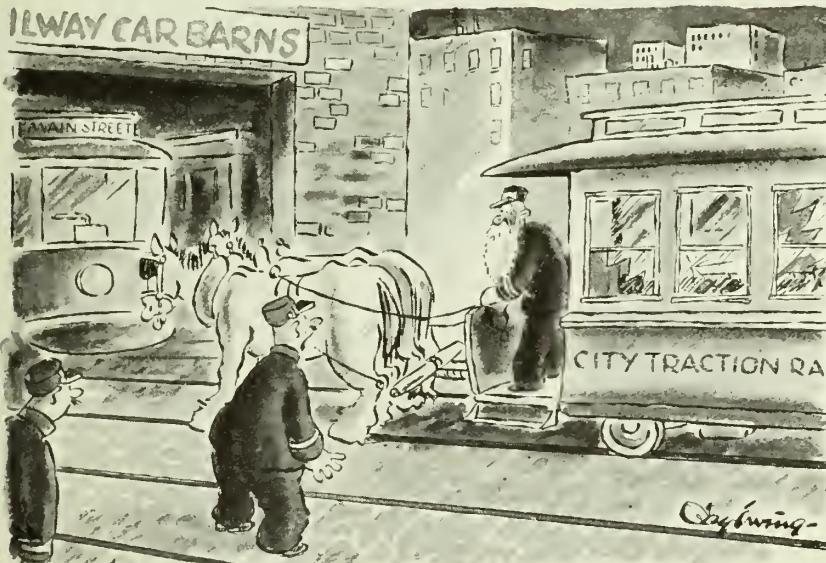
1919? I'd like to bet that many veterans never even heard of it.

"Two troop trains came together on a switch. While one was backing in on a siding, another plowed into the rear end of it, killing twelve American soldiers and a French boy mascot.

"I was transferred to M. P. duty in Le Mans after the Armistice and was standing in front of headquarters the night the accident happened. With some other men and some nurses, I loaded into a White convoy truck and started for the scene. When we arrived the survivors had bonfires burning for light. It was so dark it was hard to see anything. An officer gave me a flashlight and I crawled under the coach trucks in search of victims of the wreck. Some of the bodies were handed out of coach windows.

"I do not know how many men died later as a result of injuries sustained, but I have the names of the thirteen known dead at the time. These men were H. F. Lacy, Company C, 309th Engineers; V. J. Randall, Company F, and E. N. Skipper, Company D, 160th Engineers; O. M. Thorson, Company B, 33d Engineers; C. Davenport and D. E. Scutte, both of Company C, 319th Engineers; A. Hawkins, Company A, and William A. Glidwell and J. T. Davison, Company C, 106th Engineers; C. W. Hefling, Company A, 8th Infantry; Sgt. D. B. Huff, 103d Aero Squadron; George Mullins, Casualty Company No. 1, G. H. Q., 1st Replacement Detachment, and L. Savy, the French mascot of Company K, 168th Infantry."

WE'LL admit it's an old story, but it is necessary to repeat it again. Every so often one of the gang writes in to protest that his wartime outfit has not received recognition in these columns. There is only one answer: We have to depend upon our fellow Legionnaires to keep us supplied with pictures and stories for this (Continued on page 60)



"Fer the luvva Mike! Where've you been!"

## After the Convention VISIT EUROPE

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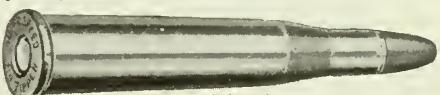
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### Buyer's Free Information Service

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9 Rockefeller Plaza

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June

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Post No. \_\_\_\_\_

# Taps

(Continued from page 59)

department. If a fellow, or girl, is too lazy to give us the story of his or her outfit, we cannot be expected to broadcast it to the entire Then and Now Gang. We welcome action pictures—that is, pictures in which the people shown are engaged in doing something, and not merely posed in groups.

Our women comrades have been particularly bashful about sending us material. When one does break through with something we can use, the orderly room rings with cheers. And when one repeats, she receives a particular welcome. We wonder how many of you recall a snapshot of a band serenading the patients and personnel of Base Hospital No. 43 at Blois, that appeared in this department in March, 1930? That picture and its accompanying story came from an ex-nurse, Legionnaire Myrtis Tarte of Macon, Georgia.

Miss Tarte, formerly an active member and at times an officer of the post in Macon, is now residing in Valdosta, Georgia, at 413 Cypress Street. She has retained her interest in the Legion through Valdosta Post, although a siege in the hospital prevents her from active work. While she was nursing soldiers in Base Hospital No. 43, a number of them gave her their dog-tags as souvenirs, and also other little personal items. After all these years, Miss Tarte wonders if the veterans might not like to recover these service mementoes. She says:

"While I was working in Base No. 43 as a nurse, I was given a number of dog-

### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

March 31, 1937

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit...	\$ 667,200.50
Notes and accounts receivable.....	42,613.94
Inventories.....	166,492.26
Invested funds.....	1,389,252.06
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	192,794.17
Improved real estate, less depreciation, Washington, D. C.....	128,264.32
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	35,574.52
Deferred charges.....	21,007.74
	<u>\$2,643,199.51</u>

#### Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 71,256.33
Funds restricted as to use.....	54,001.68
Deferred income.....	464,221.70
Permanent trust—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	191,726.00
	<u>\$ 781,265.71</u>
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital...\$1,326,930.42	
Unrestricted capital 535,003.38	\$1,861,933.80
	<u>\$2,643,199.51</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

tags by my patients. Some of these tags were too messed up to survive until today, but I thought that either the men or their families might appreciate as keepsakes those tags that I still have. They bear the following names: Anthony Kilmialis, Ian R. Forbes, T. Beckley, John M. Mallace, Robert E. Lee, Arthur Chatfield (an Indian), Private Wolff and A. W. Phillips.

"I have also a Marine Corps emblem that belongs to a Mr. Blew. It was the only personal article he had saved as a memento of his experience in going over the top, and he was clinging to it like life. He thought he was going to die, and insisted that I keep the emblem. I still have it and in case he can be located and wants it, I'll be glad to send it to him.

Any of the veterans whose names are listed can recover their dog tags by writing to Miss Tarte.

**O**RDERS have been issued for the advance on New York City. A friendly army of a half-million or more is expected to take over the biggest metropolis of the country during the period from September 20th to 23d. We refer, of course, to the Legion National Convention. Special assembly points in the city will be set for more than a hundred veterans outfits—that is the figure to date—and the number of reunions will be increased greatly by the time September rolls around.

If you want to sound assembly for your wartime gang, let us know and we'll bulletin the information in this column. At the same time, report your proposed get-

together to Major General John F. O'Ryan, Reunions Chairman of the National Convention Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 3028, New York City. The general's committee will help you to make your meeting a success. Women's service groups planning reunions should report to Amy F. Patmore, Chairman of the Legion Women's Activities Committee, in care of the National Convention Corporation.

Details of the following reunions planned for the convention period may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

**LEGION WOMEN**—Reunion banquet and entertainment for all Legion women, Monday evening, Sept. 20, Amy F. Patmore, chmn., National Convention Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 3028, New York City.

**NAT'L ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES**—Annual reunion breakfast, Tues., Sept. 21; executive meeting, Sun. evening, Sept. 19. Maude F. Mann, comdr., 120 Ward st., Paterson, N. J.

**THE NATIONAL YEOMAN F**—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Irene M. Brown, chmn., Room 2307, 26 Broadway, New York City.

**AMERICAN LEGION FOUNDERS**—Reunion dinner. Send names and addresses of all delegates to Paris and St. Louis caucuses to Col. Hubert J. Turney, Engrs. bldg., Cleveland, O.

**3D DIV.**—Reunion dinner for all 3d Div. vets under auspices of N. Y. Branch, S. H. Kornbluth, pres., 506 W. 21st st., New York City.

**4TH DIV. ASSOC.**—National reunion, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Sept. 19-23. Carlton E. Dunn, reunion chmn., 5514-160th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

**26TH(YD) VETS.**—A second 1937 reunion at the Legion national convention. Benjamin Pitman, pres., N. Y. Chapter YD, 74 West Park pl., Stamford, Conn.

**77TH DIV. ASSOC.**—National reunion and open house at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Reunion dinner on Sept. 22d. Send name, address and outfit to Jack Kantor, chmn., reunion comm., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

**WAR SOC. OF 89TH DIV.**—Hq. to be established during convention in New York, where all veterans may register and meet friends. Address Morton T. Jones, secy., 301 W. 11th st., Kansas City, Mo.

**FORESTRY ENGRS.** (10TH, 20TH, 41ST, 42D AND 43D ENGRS.)—Proposed reunion and permanent organization during New York national convention. J. W. Tillotson, Elmsford, N. Y.

**14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.**—John R. Power, chmn., reunion, 44 Jamaica st., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

(Continued on page 62)



## EUROPE AFTER THE CONVENTION

Special for Legionnaires only! 20% off on your round-trip passage—sailing in any of the 6 ships listed, including the World's Newest and Fastest Liner Queen Mary—returning in any liner of Cunard White Star. This brings the round-trip cost to France down as low as \$236 Cabin . . . \$173 Tourist . . . \$127.50 Third Class.

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Georgie . . . Oct. 2

Berengaria . . . Sept. 29

Seythia . . . Oct. 9

Queen Mary . . . Oct. 6

For those Legionnaires with insufficient time for a European Pilgrimage Cunard White Star suggests a 9-day cruise to Nassau and Havana for \$85 up . . . in the Carinthia Sept. 22, 5 P. M.

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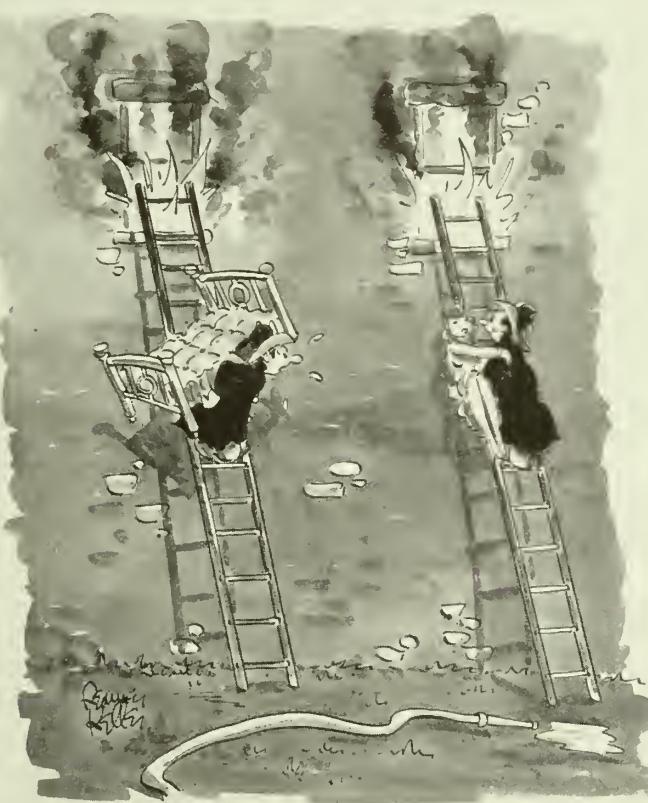
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# Taps

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NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Harlo R. Hollenbeck, 117 Seedorf st., Battle Creek, Mich.

TANK CORPS VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Tank Corps Post, A. L., Henry W. Bellsmith, adjt., P. O. Box 589, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. (Edgewood Arsenal and elsewhere)—Reunion and permanent organization. George W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

1ST GAS REGT.—Proposed reunion. Leo Meyerowitz, 51 Chambers st., New York City.

3D ARMY M. P. BN. (COBLENZ)—Reunion and organization. C. P. McGee, New Iberia, La.

FIRE TRUCK AND HOSE CO. 324—Harry C. Davis, 71 Main st., Ashland, Mass.

3D HEAVY MOB. ORD. REPAIR SHOP—Reunion. F. S. Earnshaw, Moundsville, W. Va.

Q. M. DEPOT NO. 8, ADV. SEC., QUAI DE LONGSIC, DIJON, FRANCE—Reunion. David E. Posner, Suite 202, 6 State st., Rochester, N. Y.

314TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Arthur Booth, 1801 Natl. Bank bldg., Detroit, Mich.

318TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Annual reunion. William (Speed) Leckie, R. 1, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.

319TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C. (ST. SULPICE, BORDEAUX, etc.)—Milton Gordon, 300 Madison av., Room 604, New York City.

324TH SUP. CO.—Arthur C. Dedmon, 1343 Princeton av., Philadelphia, Pa.

414TH MOTOR TRUCK CO.—Ed. S. McGinnis, 215 E. Brown st., Norristown, Pa.

Co. A, 439TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., M. T. C.—First national reunion. Other companies invited. H. Frank Jones, 395 Broadway, New York City.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. 406, M. S. T. 417—Stephen S. Stasiowski, 34 Monroe st., Chicago Falls, Mass.

302D TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—Details to be announced. Sgt. (Rev.) Walter F. Hoffman, Haverstraw, N. Y.

SERV. PARK UNIT 381, CAMP UPTON, N. Y.—Proposed reunion officers and men. Frank Greenspan, 202 E. 100th st., New York City.

BASE HOSP. NO. 44—Proposed reunion. Thomas McGand, 296 Allston st., Brookline, Mass.

BASE HOSP. NO. 136—5th annual reunion. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 14—J. Charles Melroy, Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

BASE HOSP., CAMP DIX—Register with Henry C. Mades, Highfield rd., Colonie, N. J.

BASE HOSP., CAMP A. A. HUMPHREYS—Proposed reunion. Wilfred J. Harris, 1928 Bristol court, Scranton, Pa.

CAMP SEYIER (S. C.) BASE HOSP. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion and dinner, Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City. Wm. F. Alexander, Jr., Kearny, N. J.

CONV. HOSP. NO. 4, NICE, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Rex Martin, Blacksville, W. Va.

VET. HOSP. NO. 6—Proposed reunion. Colenso H. Hoffmire, ex-capt., Adrian, Mich.

WALTER REED HOSP., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Registration of vets in Wards 12, 13, 18 and 53, during 1919. Chris Evensen, Box 121, Templeton, Mass.

SIXTH BATTLE SQDRN., GRAND FLEET—Reunion of vets of U. S. S. New York, Texas, Wyoming, Arkansas, Florida and Delaware. C. Ivar Peterson, C. O. Miller Co., Stamford, Conn.

CAMP ROCHAMBEAU, ST. PIERRE-DES-CORPS, TOURS, FRANCE—Proposed reunion and organization. John J. Santry, sec., 202 Pond st., So. Weymouth, Mass.

PERSONNEL, RAILROAD, 10TH AREA, ROLAMPONT, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Ernest R. Vader, 132 E. Lincoln av., Oshkosh, Wisc.

S. S. COAMO, ARMED GUARD—Proposed reunion. George Shanks, 81 Wilson st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. CONNECTICUT—Reunion and organization. F. N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. ELCANO, ASIATIC STA.—Bert M. Mooney, 136 Passaic st., Trenton, N. J.

U. S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON—Reunion. Andrew Butterworth, 89-88 214th pl., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. HOUSATONIC, NORTH SEA MINE FORCE—Ross H. Currier, 108 Massachusetts av., Boston, Mass.

U. S. S. INDIANA—C. V. Gallagher, Monroe, Mich.

U. S. S. IOWA—Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. MOHICAN—Edward Emmons, 38 Orchard rd., Chatham, N. J.

U. S. S. NIAGARA—Irving E. Ellis, 26 Robert st., New Britain, Conn.

U. S. S. OOSTERDIJK—Proposed reunion. G. A. Starling, 903 E. 39th st., Savannah, Ga.

U. S. S. PADUCAH—1st reunion of vets, 1916-19. Harry A. Fairbrother, Hawthorne, N. J.

U. S. S. PLATTSBURG—Daniel F. Dugan, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y., or Ralph Spencer, Red Oak, Iowa.

U. S. S. QUINNIBAUG (NORTH SEA MINE-LAYER)—Edward J. Stewart, New York Times, 229 W. 43d st., New York City.

U. S. S. RIJNDAM—Proposed reunion. James F. McKeegan, 145 Greenpoint av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. SAN DIEGO—Proposed reunion of Marine det. D. Miller White, Marshalltown, Iowa.

U. S. S. SEATTLE—Proposed reunion. Henry P. Fink, 5 Park st., Easthampton, Mass.

U. S. S. SUSQUEHANNA—Carl Spencer, Ocean View, Norfolk, Va.

U. S. S. Volunteer—Proposed reunion. Report to Edward J. Burns, 377 Fifth av., San Francisco, Calif.

U. S. S. Westover—Proposed reunion and organization of survivors. Frank C. Benja, 701 Madison st., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. Wilhelmina—Walter G. Peterson, Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

S. S. Athena—Reunion of survivors. G. E. Pitney, 48 Davenport av., Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 23—Thomas J. Hutton, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 90—John C. Perry, Acushnet, rd., Mattapoisett, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 252—E. L. Anderson, 92 E. Elm av., Wollaston, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASERS 343-4-5-6—Walter (Buck) Fulmer, 4405 Unruh st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. SUB. FLOTILLA, 8TH DIV.—Albert W. Lawton, Jr., 179 Green st., Fairhaven, Mass.

U. S. NAV. BASE 29, CARMARTHEN—P. H. Tuttle, P. O. Box 305, Somerville, N. J.

HOSP. CORPS, U. S. N. TRNG. STA., NEWPORT—K. D. Marks, 1307 Susquehanna av., Philadelphia.

U. S. N. R. F., ANNAPOLIS RIFLE RANGE—Ernest Dalman, 121 Crescent st., Allegan, Mich.

U. S. N. PROVING GROUNDS, INDIAN HEAD, MD.—F. G. Dawson, 5740 Woodrow, Detroit, Mich.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND AND HQ. CO.—Al Pearson, Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

VETS. OF A. E. F. SISTERIA—Reunion-banquet, Sept. 21. Claude P. Deal, 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

LEGION LAST MAN'S CLUBS—47th Last Man's Club, Cook Co., Chicago, Ill., will entertain all Last Man's Clubs of Legion. Walter Schalk, secy., 11 E. Hubbard st., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN VETERANS OF FOREIGN ARMIES—Proposed reunion. R. J. Lewis, Apache Hotel bldg., Las Vegas, Nev.

at the 1936 meetings and will hold a second 1937 reunion during the Legion National Convention. Many veterans scattered throughout the country will be in New York City then and can meet with their old wartime comrades.

2D DIV. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. James L. Sykes, chmn., 213 Colgate sq., Pittsburgh. Special reunion train leaves Chicago, July 14th. Write to Geo. V. Gordon, 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago, Ill.

3D DIV. (MARNE) DIV.—18th annual reunion and convention, Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 15-18. Wm. A. Shoemaker, secy., conv. comm., 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington. Free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine* will be sent upon request.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., OHIO CHAP.—Annual reunion and banquet, Chittenden Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 16. W. D. Steele, chmn., 6161 Westerville rd., Westerville, Ohio.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., CALIF. CHAP.—7th annual state reunion during Legion Dept. convention, Stockton, Calif., Aug. 8. Edw. J. Maire, pres., 1170 N. Cummings st., Los Angeles, Calif.

5TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Sept. 4-6. Walter E. Aeberle, chmn., 1201 University av., New York City.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual national convention, Portland, Maine, June 25-26. Percy T. W. Witham, secy., 9 Free st., Portland.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—Annual reunion, New Castle, Pa., Aug. 5-7. All vets of 28th invited. Frank T. Sargent, secy-treas., 444 Neshannock av., New Castle.

30TH DIV. A. E. F. ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Greenville, S. C., Sept. 29-30. Broadus Bailey, Box 562, Greenville.

33D DIV. (PRAIRIE) WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and convention, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill., June 25-27. William E. Smith, secy., 127 N. Dearborn st., Room 1022, Chicago.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 2-4 (changed from Aug. 8-10). Lacey Darnell, Webster City, Iowa.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Deshler-Wallack (Continued on page 64)

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TOURIST CLASS

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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June

Please send me full particulars in regard to The American Legion Post-Convention European Pilgrimage.

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# Here's How To Treat FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT



## PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

*Send Coupon*

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

### Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

### Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

### H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know that you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.  
870 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. A. L.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

# Taps

(Continued from page 63)

Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. All vets report to Jas. A. Sternier, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus.

RAINBOW (42n) DIV. VETS.—National convention and reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 12-14. Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

OHIO CHAP., RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—Annual reunion, Marion, Ohio, June 5-6. Fred Miller, Marion.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29-Aug. 1. L. Powell, res. secy., Natl. Hq., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh.

20TH U. S. INF. VETS.—10th annual reunion, Fort Francis E. Warren, Cheyenne, Wyo., July 12-14. R. N. Matthews, R. 1, Albion, Ind.

127TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Biennial convention, Beloit, Wisc., Aug. 7-8. Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wisc.

138TH INF.—Annual reunion, Btry. A Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 14. Harry J. Dierker, sgt. of guard, 2813 Maurer dr., Velda Village, St. Louis County, Mo.

138TH INF., CO. I—Annual picnic, Maple's Grove, St. Louis, Mo., June 20. A. L. Bardgett, secy., 1240 Arch ter., Richmond Heights, Mo.

313TH INF.—20th anniversary reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25-26. 313th Inf. Reunion Assoc., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

332D INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 4-5. F. W. Cowles, secy., 59 Casterton av., Akron.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, North Platte, Nebr., Sept. 12-13. Albert P. Schwarz, secy., Lincoln, Nebr.

134TH INF., CO. I (5TH NEBR.)—Reunion-picnic, Burwell, Nebr., Aug. 30. C. W. Clark, Ord., Nebr.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 6. John R. Winchester, secy., Monroe.

342D M. G. BN.—Reunion, Madison, S. D., Sun., June 6. Wayne J. Wilson, Huron, S. D.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. R. C. Dickieson, 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

117TH F. A.—Bowley's Artillery reunion with 2d Div. reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. P. C. Nessbaum, 114-59 211th st., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

76TH F. A.—20th anniversary reunion with 3d Div. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 15-18. Wm. A. Shoemaker, secy., 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington.

301ST F. A., 76TH DIV.—Regular meeting 4th Friday each month, Hotel Touraine, Boston, Mass. Thomas M. Cummings, 26 Maple Park, Newton Center, Mass.

324TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. W. W. Rouch, chmn., Springfield, or H. W. Chivers, 100 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—14th annual reunion, Hotel Durant, Flint, Mich., Sept. 4-6. Leonard J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich., or Floyd Dibble, chmn., 520 W. 3d av., Flint.

137TH F. A. BTRY. B—Annual reunion, Pokagon State Park, Angola, Ind., June 13. "Willie" Howell, secy., Allen, Mich.

150TH F. A. BTRY. C—18th annual reunion and contest, Lafayette, Ind., June 19-20. Floyd W. Sensey, secy., West Lafayette, Ind.

313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 2. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

12TH ENGRS.—20th anniversary reunion, St. Louis, Mo., July 1-3. John J. Barada, secy., 4998 Fairview av., St. Louis.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.), CO. D.—Proposed 20th anniversary reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in Aug. Frank R. Elliott, 1807 N. Camac st., Philadelphia.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—8th annual reunion, Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisc., June 18-20. James A. Elliott, 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., June 19-21. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 101½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

109TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 23. L. O. Tisdale, secy.-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.

314TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Charles, Mo., Sept. or Oct. Bob Walker, 2720a Ann av., St. Louis, Mo.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Annual reunion, Warren, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. Albert G. Vetter, 2849 Detroit av., Toledo, Ohio.

309TH MOTOR SUP. TRN. SOC., COS. C AND F—Reunion, Neil House, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. H. E. Lawless, 2553 Collis av., Huntington, W. Va., and C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Aug. 8. Ray L. Spath, secy., Scribner, Nebr.

BASE HOSP. NO. 65—Annual reunion, King Cotton Hotel, Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 6. Roy C. Millikan, Box 1208, Greensboro.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS (USAAC)—20th anniversary reunion, Allentown, Pa., June 24-27. Arthur Markley, chmn., 316 N. 7th st., Allentown.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 4-7. J. Howard Hill, Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio.

199TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., June or Aug. H. A. Rohrer, Junction City, Kans.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—3d annual reunion, Champaign, Ill., Aug. 14-15. H. S. Lewis, 107 E. White st., Champaign.

258TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion officers and men. Darrell S. Jones, 403 Trust bldg., Newark, Ohio.

64TH REGT., C. A. C., BTRIES. D AND E—Reunion of vets, including men at Jackson Barracks and Camp Nichols, at Youngstown, Ohio, June 19-20. T. E. Watson, secy., 605 Ogden av., Toledo, Ohio.

75TH CO., 6TH MARINES—Reunion, William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 14-17. C. L. Kelly, Patton, Pa.

82D CO., 6TH REOT., MARINE CORPS ASSOC.—Reunion with 2d Div., Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. HQ. at William Penn Hotel. D. N. Harding, 119 Appleton st., Cambridge, Mass., will send copy *The 82d Co. News* to men who write to him.

83D CO., 6TH MARINES—Reunion, Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17, at time 2d Div. reunion. Write to B. Steve Schwebke, 1232 Bellevue av., Los Angeles, Calif., for copy *The Noble Following*.

MED. DEPT., POST HOSP., COLUMBUS BARRACKS, OHIO—Proposed reunion, Clyde G. Rush, 5130 Dorchester av., Chicago, Ill.

146TH AMB. CO. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, June 5. J. Lee Snoots, secy., 133 Brighton rd., Columbus.

U. S. S. PRES. LINCOLN—19th annual reunion dinner of survivors, New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., Sun., May 30. Presentation of memorial plaque to Navy Dept., May 31. Harvey Carter, 17 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. SUB-CHASES. NO. 25—Proposed reunion officers and men. Also other chasers in fleet. Fred Catuna, 1525 E. 26th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MICH. NAV. MILITIA, 7TH AND 8TH DIVS.—20th reunion of vets of U. S. Naval Rifle Ranges and Ry. Btries., Ann Arbor, Mich., June 18-19. Ward D. Peterson, 122 N. Fourth av., Ann Arbor.

VETS. OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion with Calif. Legion Dept. convention, Stockton, Calif., Aug. 8. Claude P. Deal, 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN J. NOLL

*The Company Clerk*

*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*

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